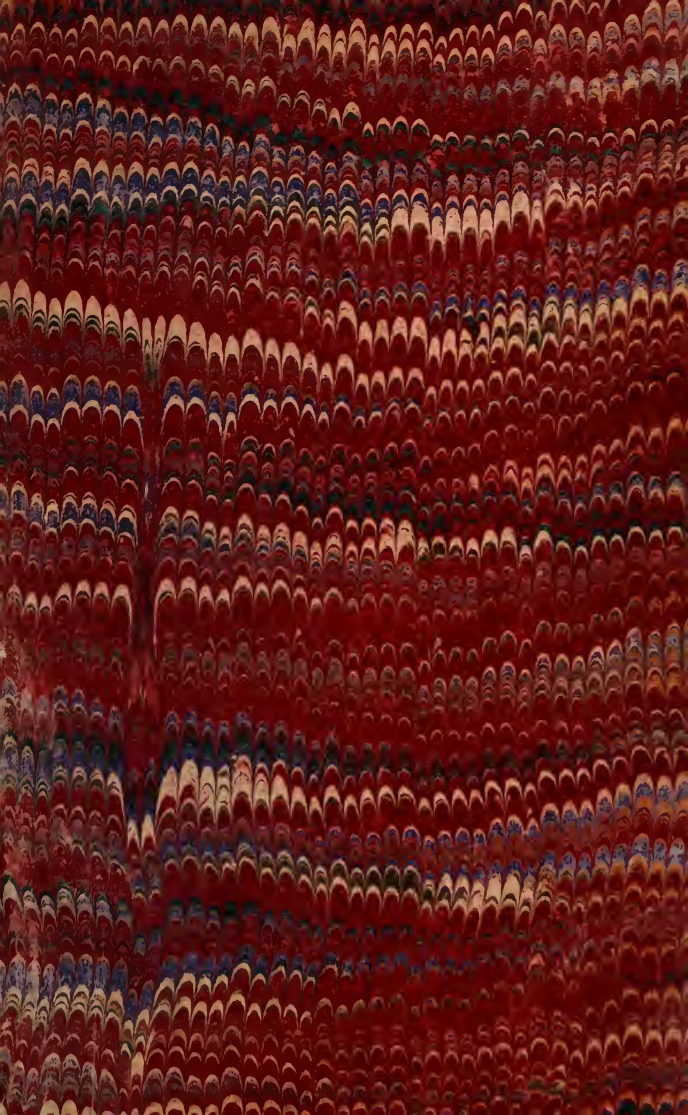




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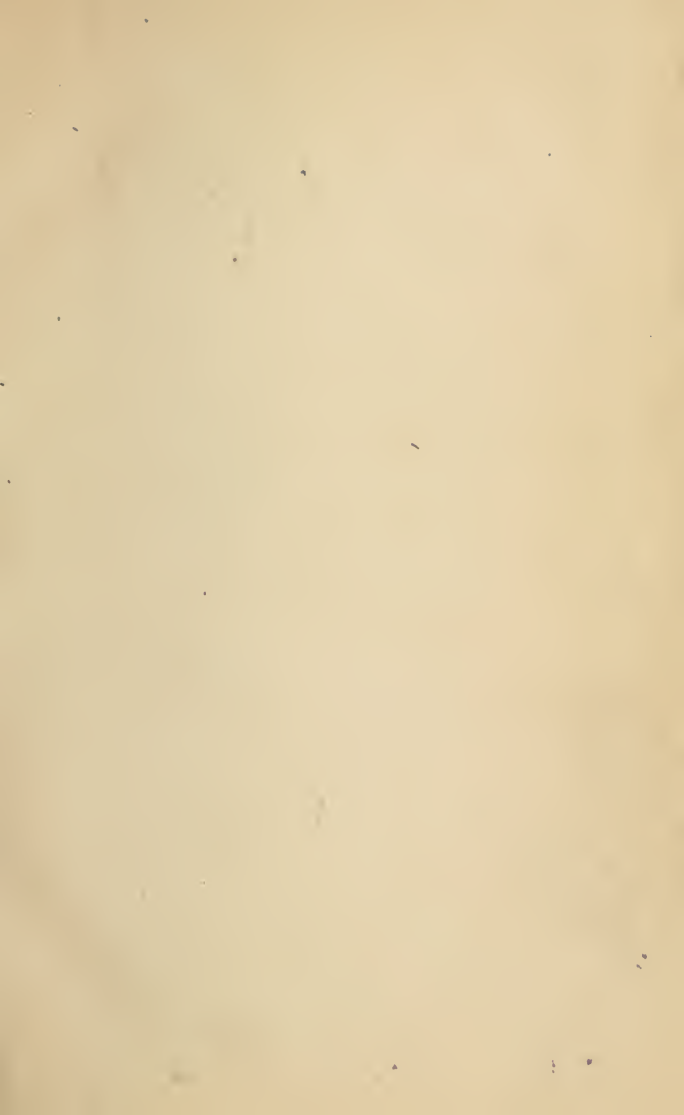
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NARRATIVE

OF THE

SUFFERING & DEFEAT

OF THE

NORTH-WESTERN ARMY,

UNDER GENERAL WINCHESTER:

MASSACRE OF THE PRISONERS: SIXTEEN MONTHS IM-
PRISONMENT OF THE WRITER AND OTHERS WITH
THE INDIANS AND BRITISH:

BY WILLIAM ATHERTON.

FRANKFORT, KY.

Printed for the Author by A. G. Hodges.
1842.

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PREFACE.

THE greater part of this short narrative was written years ago. At that time it was intended for publication. But for several years past the writer had declined ever letting it come before the world; and had it not been for the solicitations of friends, it is highly probable this intention would never have been changed. But relying upon the opinion of those whom he believed to be well qualified to judge of it, and believing them to be sincere in their expression of opinion, I have consented to let it go and take its chance before the public.

It was found difficult to give such an account of that part of the campaign which it was thought to be most important, without commencing as far back as the departure of the army from Kentucky. This part of the history has, however, been passed over very rapidly, perhaps rather too much so to make it at all satisfactory. The writer is aware that he has omitted much which would have added to the interest of this little history; but he has not leisure to go over it again. History has given us an account of the sufferings of the North-Western Army only in general terms, but no where, so far as I have been able to learn, has there been given a particular detail of the sufferings and privations of that detachment of the army.

I think it proper that the rising generation should know what their fathers suffered, and how they acted in the hour of danger; that they sustained the double character of "*Americans and Kentuckians.*" This narrative has been made as concise

as I could conveniently make it, and on that account, perhaps, the writer has not said all that might, and that should have been said. But it is hoped that what has been said will be sufficient to give the youthful reader some idea of what that "Spartan band" were called to endure. To the old men of our country these things, perhaps, will not be new.

With regard to the massacre at Raisin, the writer has related nothing but what he saw. What is said in reference to the brave Hart and Hickman, he witnessed with his own eyes.

It may be thought that I have been a little too severe in what I have said of British officers. Should any think so, all I have to say is, had they seen and felt what we did there would have been no difference of opinion. By some it will be thought strange to find the savages, in point of feeling and humanity, placed above the British—but the truth ought always to be told.

One thing the writer regrets, and that is his being compelled so frequently to speak of himself. But he found it impossible to give a full narration without it. Nothing is aimed at but a plain unvarnished statement of facts, a sober description of scenes, in the principal part of which the writer himself was an actor.

NARRATIVE.

THE volunteers from Kentucky, under the command of Colonels Allen, Lewis and Scott, left their homes on the 12th of August, 1812, and rendezvoused at Georgetown. Thence took the Dry Ridge road to Cincinnati, where we remained a few days. We then pursued our march through the State of Ohio, by the way of Piqua; from which place we were called to the relief of Fort Wayne.

Nothing worthy of public notice occurred on the way, except the alarm we had at the camp we called "Fighton," which every soldier that was on the ground no doubt recollects. Though we were alarmed at Piqua, by one of the sentinels shooting at a horse, yet we had seen nothing such as occurred here. It was a dark rainy night, just such a time as the Indians would choose to make an attack. We anticipated danger, and made arrangements to meet it. The army encamped in a hollow square, within a

strong breastwork, and guards were placed at every point. Whether there were Indians about or not, some of the guard thought they heard them, and many guns were fired on post, and all the camp called to arms. The line of battle was more than once formed during the night, and at one time kept under arms an hour and a half. As this was the first campaign with most of us, and also the first alarm worthy of notice, it is not easy to imagine the degree of excitement produced throughout the camp. It fell to my lot to be on guard that night, and at the time of the greatest alarm was on post; the guard was not relieved for near an hour after their time had expired—an attack being momentarily expected.

When we arrived at Fort Wayne, we found that the Indians which had annoyed the fort for some time, had retreated. We were then ordered to march to two Indian towns, for the purpose of burning the houses and destroying their corn. When we had accomplished this, and returned to Fort Wayne, we there met the Kentucky mounted volunteers under the command of Colonel Simrall. We marched from Fort Wayne on the 22d of September, and pursued

Wayne's route down the Miami towards old Fort Defiance, where we arrived on the 30th. During the latter part of this march we were frequently annoyed by the enemy. Our advance party of spies fell in with a body of Indians, and a small skirmish ensued, in which one of the spies was slightly wounded, and several of the enemy killed; the exact number could not be ascertained, as the Indians always carry off their dead when practicable. The day before, Ensign Liggett, of the regulars, with four men, was pursued by this body of Indians, massacred and scalped. The loss of Ensign Liggett was much lamented, as he was a promising young officer, remarkable for bravery and intrepidity. He had left the company of spies, with his four companions, to examine the country around Fort Defiance, and had advanced several miles ahead of the party—where they were killed. Many of Ensign Liggett's friends are still living in Kentucky.

The annoyance from the enemy greatly retarded our movements, as it was impossible, with any degree of certainty, to ascertain either their situation or force. In crossing the river, however, their whole movements were discovered. The British, with their

artillery from Detroit, and a large party of Indians, were progressing towards Fort Wayne. After engaging our spies, and annoying our advanced guard, they faced to the right about and retreated precipitately. Owing to the situation of the army (being short of provisions) it was impossible, by forced marches, to intercept them. At this time Captain Bland Ballard showed his skill in Indian fighting, by making good his retreat, for which he deserves much. His Lieutenant, Munday, who had parted with him in the morning, also effected a retreat, by charging upon the Indians, before they ascertained his numbers, and then dashing into camp. The next day our spies had an action—had one wounded—and saw several Indians fall. The day following the Indians showed in front of the spies, and snapped at one of our men—a fire was returned; which left blood where the Indians stood. The Indian spies were on horse back, which rendered it difficult to ascertain their situation. Our spies could not, with propriety, venture far from us, and we could not advance until the country was reconnoitered, consequently our march was slow. A short turn to the right, however, and crossing the

river at an unexpected place, gave us the advantage. After crossing the river we saw that the enemy had artillery, and were ahead of us. We were now within six miles of Defiance. It was very bushy for more than a mile before we approached the fort. The army remained at camp that morning, and sent out spies in every direction; when they returned, they reported that the enemy had gone off down the river. It was then deemed inexpedient to move so late in the afternoon. It was supposed there were from one to two hundred British, with from two to five pieces of cannon, and from four to six hundred Indians. The artillery was certainly brought up by water to this place, and re-embarked here again. Their object must have been Fort Wayne.

By this time we became very scarce of provisions, having nothing for some days but the poorest beef. Some of the men began to murmur—and some went so far as to talk of returning home—but when this was known by the officers, measures were taken to put a stop to it. Colonel Allen, in an animated and encouraging address to his men, banished the idea of shrinking in the day of adversity. Captain Simpson, also, was not

unemployed. This was the first time we had sensibly felt the want of bread.

General Harrison returned to the army on the second of October. We were greatly animated at seeing him among us once more. He addressed the whole army in a most thrilling speech, which kindled in the breasts of the men, generally, an increased desire to meet the enemy, and a willingness to endure any privations they might be called to suffer. He remained with us but a short time.

The enemy having retreated before us in every direction, leaving us an extensive territory to occupy; our object then was to establish a chain of fortified posts, in order to facilitate the supplies necessary for a speedy invasion of Upper Canada. Notwithstanding we were in the enemy's country, where Indian spies were seen almost every day, yet it was impossible to keep the men from imprudently hazarding their lives! Shortly after our arrival at Fort Defiance, five of our men, who had been out gathering plums, were found scalped. About this time Captain Garrard's troop of horse, and another company, met a scouting party of Indians and routed them. One of our militia was killed and another wounded. In consequence of this informa-

tion, General Harrison marched the whole of his army from St. Mary's to Defiance. General Harrison had heard from General Kelso, who commanded a detachment of troops on lake Erie, that *two thousand* Indians and some regulars with several pieces of artillery, had left Malden on an expedition against Fort Wayne! This news, with other exaggerated accounts, induced the belief that General Winchester was likely to be defeated. As before stated, all the forces at St. Mary's were put in motion, but before they reached Defiance information of the enemy's retreat was received.

Before General Harrison left Defiance, he selected a situation for a new fort. A party of men was detailed to procure timber for the buildings. General Winchester, also, moved his camp from the Miami to the Auglaize river.

The command of the left was now confided to General Winchester, who was instructed to occupy the rapids as soon as possible for the purpose of securing a quantity of corn which had been raised by the inhabitants.

Before General Harrison left, he ordered General Tupper to take all his mounted men

and proceed down the Miami as far as the Rapids. When this order was issued, General Tupper's command was immediately supplied with provision for eight days, which included all the flour in camp. About 12 o'clock next day a party of Indians fired on the men immediately on the opposite bank of the Miami, one of whom they killed, scalped, and then fled! This, for a moment, produced alarm, and the troops were formed in order of battle. Presently small parties of horsemen began to cross the river in pursuit of the enemy. The horses were mostly at grass, and as soon as they could be caught the owners engaged in the pursuit. Eight or ten parties went, mostly from Colonel Simrall's regiment, in one of which was the Colonel himself. General Tupper ordered that no more should cross, apprehending from the boldness of the Indians that a large body might be lying in ambush. General Winchester now ordered Tupper to commence his expedition towards the Rapids by pursuing these Indians. Tupper had previously sent Logan and six other Indians to reconnoiter, and did not seem willing to go until they returned. They arrived in the evening, stating that they had seen a party of Indians, about fifty strong, ten miles down the river.

Colonel Allen now offered his services to accompany Tupper to the Rapids in any station he thought proper to place him, from a private soldier upwards. He accepted his offer, and caused him to be announced as his aid. General Winchester issued positive orders that General Tupper should proceed; but he declined, saying he would prefer going by the Ottoway towns, &c.

At this time about three hundred of the mounted riflemen, whose terms of service had expired, left the camp and returned home. Colonel Simrall, believing that the orders of General Winchester to General Tupper would not be executed, returned to the settlements to recruit his horses and be in readiness to march when his services should be necessary. It will be sufficient to say this expedition at this time failed.

After the mounted men left us, nothing of importance occurred for some time. We were engaged building the fort, which, through much difficulty, was at length completed. This will appear, when it is known that at that place we had not our full rations. That this fact may be established, I will give some extracts from a letter, written at the time, by James Garrard, Brigade Inspector: "We

have not" says he "drawn a full ration since the 8th September. Sometimes without beef—at other times without flour: and the worst of all, entirely without salt, which has been much against the health of the men. They bear it with much patience, although they have been without salt for five or six days." At this time the sick amounted to two hundred and sixteen men, and there was some dissatisfaction in the army against the government because the necessary supplies were not sent on. But when they became acquainted with the true cause of the deficiency, that the fault was not in the government, but in the change of affairs since their march, they were perfectly satisfied. Again Mr. Garrard states: "You would be surprised to see the men appear on the brigade parade. Some without shoes, others without socks, blankets, &c. All the clothes they have are linen; but they discharge their duty with cheerfulness, hoping that their country will supply their wants before the severity of winter comes on." There are many who can testify to the truth of the above. What clothes we took with us when we left our homes had worn very thin. Many left home with their linen hunting-shirts, and some of these were lite-

rally torn to rags by the brush. We had heard that General Harrison had made a powerful appeal to the ladies of Kentucky and Ohio, and we were sure it would not be in vain; and about this time we learned that the ladies of Kentucky were exerting themselves to relieve the soldiers of this army. It was highly gratifying to us to know that we were kept in remembrance by the ladies of our own State.

Near this time our spies brought in a prisoner. They took him about thirty miles below Fort Winchester. He called himself William Walker; had been with the Indians near thirty years, and was married to a Wyandott squaw; he said at that time he lived at Detroit. He was recognized by several in camp, and two men said, "when Detroit was taken, under General Hull, he was painted like an Indian, and was seen out of the fort," but they did not recollect any act of hostility on his part. His story was, that he persuaded the Indians to abandon the British; that in the end we would ruin them, &c. That for this he was put into the guard-house at Detroit, and told his conduct was criminal, and consequently would be sent where he would be kept safely; that he made his escape from

the guard-house—lay concealed a few days until he was ready—and then started to join us. The general belief was he came as a spy. He seemed intimately acquainted with the Indian movements, but the officers were afraid to place any reliance upon his statements. He gave us a description of the force we met near Defiance on their way to Fort Wayne. He estimated their number at about nine hundred Indians and British altogether, with two brass field pieces; that the afternoon on which we crossed the Miami, they were at Fort Defiance, which was only six miles from where we crossed the river, and that they started early next morning towards the Rapids. From him we learned that McCoy of Georgetown, whom we supposed was murdered, had been taken prisoner. Upon being asked if any prisoners had been taken, he replied one—a Quarter Master Sergeant. McCoy filled that place.

We now began preparations to march towards the Rapids—having completed a new and beautiful fort, situated near the old one, which, like its brave progenitor, had fallen before the irresistible hand of time. We crossed the Miami, and camped a few miles below Defiance. During the time of our en-

campment we were called to witness a very solemn transaction. A young man was found sleeping on post—he was arraigned and sentenced to be shot. When the time appointed for his execution arrived, the army was paraded—the prisoner was brought to the spot—a bandage placed over his eyes—and directed to prepare to meet death. A platoon was ordered to take their stand a few paces in front of the lines, ready to fire when the word should be given. A deep silence now reigned throughout the army—every eye was fixed upon the criminal, standing upon his knees blindfolded—the officer commanding the platoon waiting to hear and give the word which would hurry a fellow soldier into eternity. During this moment of suspense a messenger came from the General bearing a reprieve. This circumstance made a deep impression upon the whole army. It was found necessary, also, to make an example of one who had deserted. His sentence was to ride the wooden horse; which was made by bending a sapling until the top reached the ground—this he did in the presence of the whole army.

Very few Indians were seen or heard of for some weeks, neither had any mischief

been done, though the men were very careless, and would hunt game and fruit far and near—often strolling miles from the camp without guns. The ground on this side of the river, where we first encamped, being disagreeable, we marched a few miles down the river, remained a short time, and then removed to what is called camp No. 3. There we had a beautiful situation, and an abundance of fine timber.

Although the enemy had now retreated and left us in possession of the Territory, we were still called to contend with the severe weather, which not only prevented the necessary supply of provisions from reaching us, but in our thinly clad condition became very oppressive. We knew that efforts were making to supply us with clothes and rations, but the roads were almost impassable. About the first of November the men became very sickly—the typhus fever raged with violence—three or four would sometimes die in a day. It is said upwards of three hundred was on the sick list at one time.

Towards the latter part of November, or first of December, the rain fell in torrents. We were ordered to build huts, for to advance at that time appeared impossible. Ma-

ny were so entirely destitute of shoes and other clothing, that had they been compelled to march any distance they must have frozen. What we suffered at Defiance was but the beginning of affliction. We now saw nothing but hunger, and cold, and nakedness, staring us in the face. At one time, for several days, we scarcely had any thing to eat but some poor beef. I have seen the butchers go to a beef and kill it, when lying down and could not get out of the way. This kind of beef, and hickory roots, was our principal subsistence for a length of time. When we had been here a few weeks, and the ground became covered with snow, and we no longer apprehended danger from the enemy, we were permitted to hunt. This we did to some extent, but in a short time there was not a squirrel to be found near the encampment.

During our stay at camp No. 3, a detachment was sent down the river to assist General Tupper. I was one of the number called out for that expedition; and a hard and fruitless one it was. Colonel Lewis commanded. We marched until about nine o'clock at night. Colonel C. S. Todd, with some others, was sent on to Tupper's encampment to make some discoveries, and

when they arrived at the spot they found that Tupper had retreated, and one of his men left dead in the camp! This information was brought to Colonel Lewis, and after a council with his officers, he considered it prudent to return. He thought if it were necessary for Tupper, with six hundred and fifty men, to retreat, and the river too between him and the enemy, he could not be justified in meeting it on the same side with three hundred and eighty. It was stated, but I would not vouch for the truth of it, that he left the Rapids a few hours after he sent the express to our camp, without notifying our detachment at all.

Early next morning we commenced our retreat, but from the fatigues of the previous day, and want of rest that night, (for we had no fire,) the most of us were unable to reach the army that day, but were obliged to camp about five miles below. This was a night of keen suspense to myself, and no doubt many others. We had grounds to believe the Indians would pursue us with perhaps double our number, and surprise us in the night; but we reached the camp in safety next morning.

Our Indian spies made frequent excursions in different directions, but their reports were

not generally satisfactory. *Logan*, one of the finest looking Indians I ever saw, was one of them, and perhaps the only honest man among them, finding that they were suspected either of cowardice or treachery, determined on another expedition to the Rapids. But before leaving, expressed his grief at the stain cast upon his character—declaring at the same time that something should be done before his return that should convince all concerned of his bravery and friendship to the Government of the United States. Old *Captain John*, and *Lightfoot*, if I mistake not, accompanied him. They had not reached the Rapids before they fell in with the spies of the British—a company of Indians superior to their own, commanded by a young British officer: they managed the affair with great dexterity. *Logan*, who was a man of great presence of mind, finding, upon first sight of the enemy, a retreat to be impracticable, instantly proposed to his comrades to approach them in the character of friends, and report themselves as deserters from camp No. 3. Though they had but a very few moments, yet *Logan* fixed upon the signal, and concerted the plan of escape. They met—*Logan* made his statement, which was

received cautiously, but so far as to prevent immediate hostilities. They were permitted to keep their arms, but ordered to march in front, a plain indication that they were suspected.

As the object of this band of British spies was to gain information in reference to the army at camp No. 3, they considered their object accomplished, and therefore returned from this place. A conversation soon commenced respecting the condition, number, and intentions of the army, &c., &c., during which time Logan and his two companions were watching their opportunity to make the attack. Although they doubled their number, yet they determined to *rescue themselves or die*. The signal was given, and each man brought his man to the ground. This left their power about equal. The enemy fled a little distance, and opened a fire upon them, which they returned with the arms of those they had shot; but finding a retreat now practicable, Logan ordered it, but in mounting one of the horses of the enemy, received a ball in his breast which ranged down to the small of his back; but, notwithstanding, succeeded in reaching the camp that night, a distance of about thirty miles. Old Captain

John would not leave the spot until he had taken a scalp, which he brought to camp with him.

Every effort was made by the physicians to save the life of this brave and daring man, but all in vain. I saw him a few hours before his death. He died like a soldier. But before his death, was heard to say—"I suppose this will be taken as evidence of my bravery, and I shall be no longer suspected as a traitor."

His death was greatly lamented, and his loss severely felt—and the circumstances taken altogether, rendered the case exceedingly affecting, especially to some of the officers.

One of the most extraordinary characters in all the army, was an old man by the name of *Ruddle*, who acted as a spy; this man made many excursions alone, and would remain for several days together, almost in the heart of the enemy; and perhaps advanced farther to discover the movements of the British and Indians, than even our Indian spies. During the stay at camp No. 3, the most of the information that could be relied upon, respecting the supplies which it was expected we should find in the fields at the

Rapids, came through *Ruddle*. Such dauntless courage is not often found. To look at him you would think him touched off a little with the *Potawatamie*. He was well acquainted with the Indian mode of warfare; and, if I mistake not, had once been a prisoner among them.

Soon after this the river was frozen so as to bear us across. This enlarged our hunting ground, for now we were suffering greatly for provisions. At one time, for eleven days, we had nothing but pork, just killed, without salt. These privations were submitted to with astonishing patience—there was scarcely a whisper or a murmur in all the camp—which manifested a patriotism worthy the cause in which they were engaged.

On the 22d of December we were informed, by general order, that we should have flour that day, and that the prospect was fair for a constant supply.

The 24th was the period set for our stay at camp No. 3, which was pleasing intelligence to the whole army. On the 25th, at sunrise, we were commanded to march to the Rapids. Being the vanguard of the North-Western Army, General Harrison instructed us to make a stand there until we

should be joined by the North-Western Army. For some time previous we had been engaged in making sleds to haul our baggage, some of which had to be drawn by the soldiers themselves.

A more pleasant and expeditious march than this had been anticipated, for after much fatigue and labor, a great number of canoes had been made, with which we expected our baggage would be taken with great ease and safety down the river; but to our great disappointment, before we could make preparations, or before our provisions reached us—without which we could not move—cold weather set in, and closed up the river. This circumstance at first seemed to present an obstacle insurmountable; many of the men were sick, and that sickness occasioned by being compelled to eat fresh pork without bread or salt, and from being exposed to cold and wet.

But this was not the only difficulty. Many who had not been so provident, perhaps, as the case required, were bare of clothes, and almost barefooted, and were ill prepared to undertake such a march through the snow.

Thus, ill clad, worn down by fatigue and

starvation, and chilled by the cold wintry blasts of the north we were compelled to brave—there was no alternative—our condition made it necessary for us to fall upon some other plan to reach the Rapids, where we expected to meet supplies. Under the impulse of this hope we went to work and made sleds sufficient to carry the baggage. But as these were not sufficient to take the sick, many of them had to be left behind. On the 25th, as above stated, we bid adieu to this memorable place, camp No. 3, where lie the bones of many a brave man. This place will live in the recollection of all who suffered there, and for more reasons than one. There comes up before the mind the many times the dead march was heard in the camp, and the solemn procession that carried our fellow sufferers to the grave—the many times we were almost on the point of starvation—and the many sickening disappointments which were experienced by the army from day to day, and from week to week, by the failure of promised supplies, which were daily expected: and, also, that here we parted with the sick, some of whom we were to see no more.

Thus poorly equipped, deeply affected, and

yet overjoyed, we took up the line of march. The reader may ask how such a number of sleds could be drawn, seeing there was not a supply of horses. Some of them were drawn by the *men themselves*—five men were hitched to a sleigh, and, through snow and water, dragged them on at the rate of about ten miles a day. But to our great disadvantage during our march, there was an immense fall of snow. It seemed that the very elements fought against us. But notwithstanding all, we moved slowly on towards the destined point. What the men suffered by day, was comparatively nothing to what they experienced by night. The reader can form but a faint idea unless he had been on the spot, and had seen and felt what we saw and felt. Some time was required to arrange the encampment, during which time the men were compelled to keep their places in the lines, and thus become so chilled as to be almost unfit for the necessary exertion of preparing a resting place for themselves. The snow, which was about knee deep, had first to be cleared away, then fire to be struck with flint and steel, and when no lynn bark could be had, brush was substituted in its place, which formed our bed. Hard and uncomfortable as

it was, yet such was our fatigue that we generally slept soundly. To give a detailed account of individual suffering during this march, from camp No. 3 to the Rapids, would swell this sketch beyond its intended limits; and perhaps facts would be related which the present generation, who have but little knowledge of these things only from report, would scarcely believe.

Our little vehicles being made upon a small scale, were too light to carry the burden put upon them, and not sufficiently high to cross the little streams which lay in our way, consequently much damage was done to our baggage, and our provisions (which were barely sufficient to last us to the Rapids,) was much injured by getting wet. This, it will be plainly seen, was well calculated to increase our sufferings. In fact, the half of what was endured on this slow and painful march has never yet been published to the world, and perhaps never will.

“While on our march, General Winchester received another despatch from the commander-in-chief, recommending him to abandon the movement towards the Rapids, and fall back with the greater part of his force to Fort Jennings. This advice was given in

consequence of some intelligence received from Colonel Campbell, at Massiniway, respecting the force of Tecumseh on the Wabash. General Harrison was apprehensive if the left wing advanced so far as the Rapids, Tecumseh would be able to attack and destroy all the provisions in the rear." Winchester had already commenced his march, and did not wish to discontinue and return.

At length, on the 10th of January, we arrived at the Rapids. General Winchester had previously sent forward a detachment of six hundred and seventy men, under General Payne, to attack a body of Indians which General Harrison had been informed was lying in an old fortification at Swan creek, a few miles farther down the river. After passing several miles below the old fort, and discovering no appearance of Indians, the whole returned to the position which the army intended to occupy.

About this time the clothes which were sent by the patriotic sons and daughters of Kentucky, began to reach the army. The gratitude of the troops generally was beyond expression. Some had withstood the keen blasts of that cold northern country, until some time in January, with linen hunting

shirts and pantaloons, and many almost without either shoes or socks. General Payne in a letter to Governor Shelby, in which he expresses his gratitude, as well as that of the troops, says—"As an *earnest* of her disposition to aid the National Government, Kentucky, at an early period, with a characteristic ardour, sent forth more than her quota required by the Government; and whilst a spark of genuine feeling animates the breasts of her volunteers in the North-Western Army, they can never cease to feel a lively gratitude for the further *earnest* of her anxiety for the cause, manifested in the late abundant supply of clothing." It certainly was a source of heartfelt satisfaction, to express a proper sense of the obligations under which the patriotism of the *sons* of Kentucky had placed her volunteers; but the pleasure was greatly heightened when we reflected that to the *daughters* of Kentucky we were mostly indebted for imperious supplies to meet the blasts of a northern winter.

I hope it is not still too late (though many who engaged in that laudable work have gone from this scene of war and bloodshed,) for me to express my unfeigned gratitude to the daughters of my native State for the

blessings bestowed on me as an individual; and as I have never had an opportunity before to express myself, permit me further to say, that these favors, while I possess a spark of feeling, shall never cease to produce a lively sense of gratitude. Help, in real need, is not forgotten.

“On the day of our arrival a recent Indian camp was discovered about one half mile from us. Captain Williams was immediately despatched, with twenty five men, to pursue the Indians. He very soon overtook and routed them. A few shots were exchanged, by which some on both sides were wounded.”

A large storehouse was immediately commenced for the purpose of securing the provisions and baggage. We found a quantity of corn in the fields, which was soon gathered; and before any machinery was prepared to pound and sift it, a quantity was boiled whole, and eaten without even salt. But we quickly arranged to have it made into hommony, and after the hogs came, we fared well upon “hog and hommony.” You may judge of our relish for our food, when I tell you that one of our company, whose name I will not give, eat so much corn that he appeared

to be actually foundered, and unable to walk for more than a week.

On the evening of the thirteenth, two Frenchmen arrived from the river *Raisin* with information that the Indians routed by Captain Williams had passed that place on their way to Malden, carrying with them intelligence of our advance. They said the Indians had threatened to kill their inhabitants and burn their town, and begged for protection from the American arms. They were charged with a despatch from Mr. Day, a citizen who was friendly to our cause, and who stated that the British were seizing all suspected persons at the river "Raisin," and confining them at Malden prison, and were preparing to carry off all provisions of every description. On the *fourteenth* another messenger arrived, and on the *sixteenth* two more came in. They all confirmed the news brought by the first, and solicited protection, as they were afraid the people would be massacred and the town burned by the Indians whenever our army should advance upon them. They stated the present force of the enemy to be two companies of Canadians, and about two hundred Indians, but that more Indians might be expected to assemble.

The greatest anxiety now prevailed in our army to advance in force sufficient to defeat the enemy at that place. A council of officers was called by the General, a majority of whom were decidedly in favor of sending a strong detachment—Colonel Allen supported that side of the question with ardour.

On the morning of the seventeenth, Colonel Lewis, with five hundred and fifty men, took up their line of march for the "river Raisin." The same day Colonel Allen followed with one hundred and ten more, who came up with Lewis late in the evening, where he was encamped at Presque Isle. Early on the morning of the same day General Winchester prepared a despatch to inform General Harrison of this movement. He stated that his principal object was to prevent the flour and grain from being carried off by the enemy; that if he got possession of Frenchtown he intended to hold it, and that a co-operating reinforcement from the right wing might be necessary.

Before the express had started with this letter, information was received from Colonel Lewis at Presque Isle, a distance of twenty miles in advance, that there were four hundred Indians at the river Raisin, and that

Colonel Elliott was expected from Malden, with a detachment to attack the camp at the Rapids. Colonel Lewis set out very early next morning, intending, if possible, to anticipate Colonel Elliott at Frenchtown. That village lies midway between Presque Isle and Malden, the distance to each being eighteen miles. The most of our march was on the ice on Miami bay, and the borders of lake Erie. When we had arrived within a few miles of the river Raisin we were discovered by some Indians, who hastened to give the alarm to the main body of the enemy. Before we left the border of the lake, a halt was called to take some refreshment. Having resumed our march, a piece of timbered land was passed through, and as the troops proceeded in the open plain they were formed into three lines, each corps being in the proper place for action. The right was commanded by Colonel Allen, and was composed of the companies of Captains McCracken, Bledsoe, and Matson. I was in Captain Bledsoe's company during this expedition. The left wing was commanded by Major Graves, and was composed of the companies of Hamilton, Williams, and Kelly. The centre consisted of the companies of Hightower, Col-

lier, and Sabree, and was commanded by Major Madison. The advance guard consisted of the companies of Captains Hickman, Graves, and Jones, under the command of Captain Ballard, acting as Major.

When we arrived within a quarter of a mile of the village, and discovered the enemy in motion, the line of battle was formed—expecting an immediate attack—but it was soon perceived the enemy did not intend to risk a combat in the open field. The detachment broke off by the right of companies and marched under the fire of the enemy's cannon until we arrived on the river. We succeeded well in crossing, though the ice in many places was very slippery. Having crossed, instantly the long roll was beat (the signal for a general charge.) Majors Graves and Madison were ordered to possess themselves of the houses and picketing, about which the enemy had collected, and where they had placed their cannon. This order was promptly executed, and both battalions advanced under an incessant shower of bullets; neither the picketing nor fencing over which they passed retarded their progress or success, for the enemy in that quarter was dislodged.—Meantime, Colonel Allen fell in with them

a considerable distance to the right, when, after pursuing them to the woods, they made a stand with their howitzer and small arms, covered by a chain of inclosed lots and a group of houses, having in their rear a thick brushy wood filled with fallen timber. Orders were now given through Major Garrard to Majors Graves and Madison to possess themselves of the woods on the left, and move up towards the main body of the enemy as fast as practicable, and divert their attention from Colonel Allen. At the moment the fire commenced with the battalions, the right wing advanced, and the enemy was soon driven from the fencing and houses, and our troops began to enter the woods in close pursuit. The fight now became very close, and extremely hot on the right wing—the enemy concentrating the chief of their forces of both kinds to force the lines, but still kept moving in a retreat, although slowly, for we were much exhausted. The joint exertions of Graves, Madison, and Allen, were successful in completely routing the enemy. The distance they retreated before us was not less than *two* miles, and every foot of the way under charge. The battle lasted from three o'clock until dark! The detachment was

then drawn off in good order, and encamped upon the ground the enemy first occupied. About the going down of the sun, I received a wound in my right shoulder. A moment before I received the shot, I saw John Locke and Joseph Simpson advancing together, some distance to the left, and ahead of the main body. One was killed and the other wounded not far from the spot where I last saw them.

"The gallant conduct," says Colonel Lewis, "of Colonel Allen during every charge of this warmly contested action, has raised for him no ordinary military merit. Majors Graves and Madison deserve high praise for their undeviating attention to orders, and the energy and despatch with which they executed them. Captain Blan B. Ballard also led the van with great skill and bravery." He further says: "I take this opportunity of tendering my most hearty thanks to Brigade Major Garrard, Captain Smith, and Adjutant McCuller, who acted as my aids, for the great support they gave me during the whole of the action. The company officers acted with great bravery." The Colonel closes by saying, "both officers and soldiers supported the

double character of Americans and Kentuckians."

It was impossible for us to ascertain the exact force of the enemy; but from the best information, there were about *one* hundred British and *four* hundred Indians. It was said Major Reynolds was present and commanded the whole. Their number killed we could not ascertain, and perhaps it is unknown to the Americans until the present time. From the number found on the field where the battle commenced, and from the blood and trails where they had dragged off their dead and wounded, the slaughter must have been considerable. One Indian and two Canadian militia were taken prisoners. So steady and composed were our men in the assaults, that while the enemy were killed or driven from their houses, not a woman or child was injured. Our loss was *twelve* killed and fifty five wounded. Joseph Simpson was the only man belonging to Captain Simpson's company that was killed in the first engagement. Very few of our men were killed or wounded until we reached the woods; here we fought under great disadvantages, not being acquainted with the ground, and most of us being unacquainted with the Indian

mode of warfare. Thus our want of experience and eagerness to overtake the enemy, gave them a decided advantage over us. Their method was to retreat rapidly until they were out of sight, (which was soon the case in the brushy woods,) and while we were advancing they were preparing to give us another fire; so we were generally under the necessity of firing upon them as they were retreating. During the charge, I saw several of our brave boys lying upon the snow wallowing in the agonies of death. But none could stop even to help his brother, for our situation required the utmost exertion of every man as long as he could render any service.

It was sometime after dark before we reached the place from which we drove the enemy, where we encamped for the night, and where we were accommodated with all the necessaries of life, and every attention which our situation required. I cannot but speak a word in favor of our physicians; too much cannot be said in their praise for the prompt attention which they gave on that occasion. Though it was late before the houses were prepared, and other arrangements made for the accommodation of the wounded, yet ev-

every man had his wounds dressed before the surgeons took any rest. Their memory deserves to be perpetuated.

Immediately after the battle an express was sent to convey the news of our success to General Winchester, at whose camp he arrived before daylight; and from that place another was sent to communicate the intelligence to General Harrison.

Colonel Lewis was determined, if possible, to hold the place until a reinforcement could be sent on. We knew our situation was very critical, being only *eighteen* miles from Malden; yet it appeared to make scarcely any impression upon our minds, so long had we been in the region of the enemy, and so much had we suffered from cold, hunger, and fatigue. The fare was now so different to what we had been accustomed since we left the settlement in Ohio—and some of the troops were so much elated with having driven the enemy from their fortifications, and having taken possession of their provisions, &c.—that we almost seemed to forget that we had an enemy in the world.

On the evening of the nineteenth, General Winchester left the Rapids with two hundred and fifty men, which were all that could be

spared from that post. He reached us on the night of the twentieth, and encamped in an open lot on the right of the former detachment. Colonel Lewis had encamped in a place where he was defended by garden pickets, which were sufficient to defend from an attack of small arms. Colonel Wells commanded the reinforcement; and to him the General named, but did not positively command, a breast-work for the protection of his camp. The General himself, established his quarters in a house upon the south side of the river, about three hundred yards from the camp.

On the 21st, a place was selected for the whole detachment to encamp, in good order, with a determination to fortify the next day. About sunset Colonel —— solicited and obtained leave to return to the Rapids. On this day, certain information was obtained that the British were preparing for an attack, and that we might look for it in a very short time. A Frenchman came from Malden with information that a large force of British and Indians—which he supposed would number near three thousand—were about to march from that place shortly after he left it. But even this was not credited, or if believed,

was little regarded by many of the troops! The most of the men acted as though they knew themselves to be perfectly secure; some wandering about the town until a late hour at night! For myself, I can say, I felt little dread, though I had reason to believe that our situation was very perilous. I slept soundly until awaked by the startling cry of "to arms! to arms!" and the thundering of cannon and roar of small arms, and the more terrific yelling of savages.

Major Madison and Colonel Lewis, together with most of the officers, had cautioned their men to be on their guard, and be prepared for an attack. Guards, as usual, were placed out; but as it was extremely cold, no picket guard was placed upon the road by which the enemy was expected to advance. At day-break, on the morning of the 22nd, just as the drum began to beat, three guns were fired by the sentinels; in an instant the men were at their posts. The British now began to open a heavy fire of cannon and small arms. They appeared mostly to direct their cannon to the house which contained the ammunition, and where the wounded officers lay. Every circumstance attending this awful scene, conspired to make it more

alarming—the time and manner in which it was commenced—for they approached in the dark with profound silence—not a breath was heard until all was ready, then, sudden as a flash of powder, the bloody work began.

The first thing that presented itself to my sight, after awaking out of sleep and going to the window, was the fiery tail of a bomb-shell—and these came in quick succession. Just at this moment, the fire of small arms from both sides began. For a considerable time it was one continued roar. But I could, nevertheless, distinguish between the enemies guns and our own. The British regulars approached immediately in front of Colonel Lewis' detachment, but did not long remain within the reach of small arms, for a well directed fire from the pickets soon repulsed them, with the loss of a number of their soldiers whom they left upon the field. They would not have approached so near if they had known precisely our situation. They told me whilst I was at Detroit, that they thought we were encamped in the open field outside of the garden pickets; but as soon as it was light, and they discovered their mistake, they retreated. The yelling of the Indians appeared to be mostly on the

right, though some was heard upon the left, but none in the centre.

The reinforcement which had arrived with General Winchester, and which was unprotected by any breastwork, after maintaining the conflict for a short time, was overpowered and fell back. Just at this time General Winchester came up and ordered the retreating troops to rally and form behind the second bank of the river, and inclining toward the centre, take refuge behind the picketing. These orders were probably not heard, and being hard pressed both by the British and Indians in front and on their right flank, they were completely thrown into confusion, and retreated in disorder over the river. A detachment which was sent from the pickets to reinforce the right wing, and a few others who supposed the whole army was ordered to retreat, joined in its flight. Those brave men, Colonels Allen and Lewis, both followed, hoping to assist in rallying the troops. An attempt was made to rally them on the south side of the river, behind the houses and garden pickets, but all in vain; the Indians had taken possession of the woods behind them, and thus completely cut off their retreat, and no alternative now remained but to

stand and fight a superior force, which was every moment accumulating, and which had every advantage, or to retreat to better ground. In their dismay and confusion they attempted to pass a narrow lane—the Indians were on both sides, and shot them in every direction. A large party which had gained the woods on the right, were surrounded and massacred without distinction.

Captain Watson, who was an eye-witness, states, "that after crossing the river, they attempted to form and give battle, but the houses being in the way, they failed in the attempt. They then retreated through a lane for one hundred yards, on the sides of which a number of Indians were placed, who injured them very much." He, though wounded, joined in the retreat. He further states "that the Indians pursued on each side for about one mile, they then fell back in the rear." He then saw Colonel Lewis and requested him to form the men and make a stand against the Indians once more, as many of the men were wounded and could retreat no farther. The attempt was made without success, as many were without arms. He afterwards saw General Winchester, and begged of him for God's sake to make a stand,

as the Indians were in close pursuit, and he himself was much exhausted, and was convinced that many more were in the same condition. The General informed him that the men could not be rallied.

After retreating about three miles from Raisin they came to a field, those on foot passed through, and those on horseback rode around. Here Captain Watson, General Winchester, Colonel Lewis, Doctor Ervine and Doctor Patrick, were seen going slowly forward, their horses much fatigued, and a number of Indians pursuing on fresh horses, who soon overtook them.

Captain Watson, seeing the Indians within one hundred yards of him, slipped through a fence, pulled off his shoes, ran along the fence in a stooping position about sixty yards, and hid himself in some high grass. The Indians continued to pursue those who were before. He thinks there were not more than fifty men ahead of him. After the Indians had passed by, the Captain moved to a prairie, where he concealed himself until dark, and then pushed on to the Rapids, keeping the road a distance to the right.

Mr. Newel, one of Captain Watson's company, concealed himself in a barn, near to

where the Indians returned. His account is, that they had "a number of scalps tied to their saddles, and a number also of our men tied." He left the barn on the 23d at night—lost his way, and went back to the river Raisin in the night. He was there informed that all who stood their ground had been taken prisoners, and that but few had been killed. It is due to the memory of Doctor Davis to notice a circumstance which was related by one of the wounded. He stated, that at the commencement of the action he took a gun belonging to a companion of his, also wounded, and moved forward to join the company; the Doctor seeing him, said, "give me the gun, your situation will not allow you to expose yourself," and went himself into the engagement—showing his promptness in every part of duty, whether in dressing the wounded, or in facing the enemy as a private soldier.

I made inquiry of all the prisoners which I could see, about Colonel Allen and Captain Simpson, but could hear nothing satisfactory. I spent a year in prison with several men who were in the retreating party, and often heard them relate what they knew of that sad affair; but as they did not belong to our

company, and were not personally acquainted with Colonel Allen and Captain Simpson, and as they were in such a state of alarm—all around being dismay and confusion—they could not particularly notice any person, but directed their whole attention toward their own personal safety. Perhaps the whole truth relating to those brave men, who fell in the retreating party, will never be known. It has been related that Captain Simpson fell not far from the mouth of the lane through which the troops had just passed. It has also been stated of Colonel Allen: "After making several unsuccessful efforts to rally his men—entreating them to halt, and to sell their lives as dearly as possible—that he had retreated about two miles, until he was exhausted; he then sat down upon a log and resigned himself up to his fate. An Indian Chief perceiving him to be an officer of distinction, was anxious to make him a prisoner. As soon as he came to the Colonel, he threw his gun across his lap and told him in Indian to surrender and he should be safe. Another savage having advanced with a hostile appearance, Colonel Allen, with one stroke of his sword, laid him dead at his feet. A third

Indian had the honor of shooting one of the first and bravest men of Kentucky.

Before we leave the retreating party, it may not be out of place to record two circumstances which show the estimate which the Indians set upon bravery, and also how they treat cowardice. The circumstances were related to me as follows: A young man after the Indians had taken him prisoner, and appeared inclined to save his life, showed great alarm, and at length told the Indians that he would tell them where they might find a great many white men, and might kill them all, &c. The Indians instantly took his life, although until then they had showed no hostility toward him. The other related to the narrator himself. He stated that after the Indians took him prisoner, they marched him very hard, until he became so much exhausted that he was no longer able to travel as fast as they wished him to go. They shook their tomahawks at him, and told him that he must march faster or die. He was starving and sick, but he kept on as fast and as far as he could, and when he could go no farther he laid down upon the ground and told them to kill him. They motioned with their weapons as if they intended to take his

life, but when they saw his resolution they became attached to him, and aided him all they could to go on the journey, and were kind to him as long as he remained with them.

After the British had withdrawn their forces from our front, and the Indians had mostly disappeared, and the firing, save a few scattering guns from some scouting Indians, had ceased, the situation of the retreating party became a matter of anxious concern with Colonel Lewis' detachment, which was left within the picketing. Some were heard to express their fears that they were generally cut off, because of the firing heard in that direction. During all the time the troops within the pickets stood to their posts, and now in this critical moment fully sustained the character of brave Kentuckians. Majors *Madison* and *Garrard*, when the amunition grew short in the catridge boxes, were employed busily to furnish the men with a supply, carrying them around in their pocket handkerchiefs and strewing them upon the ground at the soldiers' feet, and at the same time exhorting them never to think of a surrender. Some of our brave men fell by a party of savages coming up under the north

bank of the river. From the house containing the wounded, they were discovered. Information was given immediately, and by a detachment they were soon routed.

The firing now had ceased, except a shot as an Indian was seen passing about. The men had to keep a strict look out to prevent surprise, as the Indians were skulking about, and no one felt safe for a single moment.

After the cannon, which had been placed down the river about two hundred yards, had ceased firing—the horse and driver which supplied the ammunition being killed—those of us who had received wounds in the battle (myself among the rest,) proceeded to take our breakfasts of a little light bread. This was all that we could now procure.

All the while we were at a loss to know why the British troops had been withdrawn to the woods, and the Indians left alone to contend by themselves; but we afterwards learned that they were waiting the return of the Indians who had pursued the retreating party. When they returned they brought *General Winchester* and *Colonel Lewis* with them.

As soon as General Proctor, the British commander, heard that General Winchester

was taken, he basely determined to take advantage of it, and thereby procure the surrender of all those within the picketing. He represented to the General that nothing but an immediate surrender could save the Americans from an indiscriminate Indian massacre. It was not until the flag approached, borne by Major Overton, one of the Generals' aids, bringing orders from General Winchester to surrender, that we dreamed that the General, or Colonel Lewis, were prisoners. When this news reached the troops, that General Winchester had surrendered the whole as prisoners to the British, it was like a shock of lightning from one end of the lines to the other. A number declared that they never would submit, let the consequences be what they might. But when they found that Majors Madison and Garrard had consented to obey the orders of General Winchester, some of them, in great rage, threw down their guns with such force as to shiver the stocks from the barrels.

When the flag above named was first discovered to advance, various conjectures were entertained of the design. The greater number supposed that the enemy was tired of the game and wished to quit, and desired

permission to bury their dead, which were not few. There were also many badly wounded. It was plain to discover where their lines had been formed, by the number of killed and wounded still lying on the field.

When Major Madison approached the flag, Colonel Proctor, with great haughtiness, demanded an immediate surrender, or he would set the town on fire, and that the Indians should not be restrained from committing an indiscriminate massacre. Major Madison observed "that it had been customary for the Indians to massacre the wounded prisoners after a surrender," and "that he could not agree to any capitulation which General Winchester might direct, unless the safety and protection of his men were secured." Colonel Proctor then said, "Sir, do you mean to dictate for me?" "No," replied Madison, "I mean to dictate for *myself*—and we prefer to sell our lives as dearly as possible, rather than be massacred in cold blood." Proctor then agreed to receive a surrender upon the terms, that all private property should be respected—that sleds should be sent next morning to remove the sick and wounded to Amherstburg—and that in the mean time

they should be protected by a guard, and the side arms should be restored to the officers at Malden.

But this unprincipled deceiver, bearing the title of General, suffered the savages to violate the treaty before his own eyes. Whilst the men were in parade to surrender their arms in order, the Indians began to tear up the tents and to plunder in every direction, gathering up every thing in the shape of clothing, and every knapsack which they could find. I could not bear arms from my wound, and whilst the men were on parade, some time before they were marched off, I was passing about and noticing the movements and work of the Indians. They were striving who should get the most plunder. I passed around to the front of the house to take a look at the boys before they left us; they braved it off as well as might have been expected. Some looked a little dejected—others joked and laughed. One, who had not yet fallen into the ranks, was standing upon a stile-block, and said to the English: "Well, you have taken the greatest set of game cocks that ever came from Kentuck." I wish I could remember his name—he was calculated to remind one of a game cock.

John Locke and *Jesse Fisher*, of our company, were badly wounded; and as both *Proctor* and *Elliott* had promised to send sleds for us in the morning, and though able to walk myself, I resolved to risk it, and stay and assist those who were not able to help themselves. *Captain Hart*, of Lexington, Kentucky, expressed great anxiety to be taken with the prisoners to Malden. His men offered to carry him, and were reluctant to leave him behind; but Colonel *Elliott*, the commander of the Indians, being well acquainted with *Hart* and his family—having in former life received great favors from them in Kentucky—assured him that he need not be under the least apprehension of danger—that the Indians would not molest those that were left—and that, upon the honor of a soldier, he would send his own sleigh for him on the next morning and have him conveyed to Malden.

Some of the more discerning apprehended great danger in being left, and insisted on all that could go to do so. The brave *Captain Hickman* saw the danger, and desired all that could walk not to remain; for, said he to *Mr. Holton*, (now *Captain Holton*,) “there are more of us here now than will ever get

away." This, from what I could afterwards learn, was the sentiment entertained and expressed by all the officers. But what could they do in their wounded and defenceless condition, being no doubt doomed to death by the infamous Proctor and Elliott.

These brave officers and soldiers, who had battled against the very elements for months, and had passed through sufferings almost equal to death itself, lived through it all only to meet the most horrid of all deaths—of being butchered in cold blood, and that without having the power or means of defence.

The parting was a solemn one, and not only solemn, but in reference to most of those unhappy victims, it was final. Many were greatly affected, especially the friends of Hart and Hickman. But having fallen into the hands of a bloody and heartless tyrant, this brave "Spartan band" were compelled to submit to his cruel dictates.

No time was now to be lost—all eyes were directed towards the Rapids—the cowardly Proctor dreaded the approach of General Harrison, and therefore made all possible speed to get out of his way, fearing to meet so brave and experienced an officer; and well he might, for the sight of General

Harrison at that time would have been death to the hopes and prospects of these red and white savages, while it would have been a jubilee to those hapless Kentuckians who were doomed to death.

After a few formalities of delivering up arms, &c., they were hurried off and driven like so many beasts to market, but with much less tenderness and kindness than a merciful man would show to his beast. After their arrival at Malden, they were crowded into a pen, and there guarded, without anything to protect them from the weather. Their bread, what little they got, was thrown to them like throwing corn to swine.

Though there was a much shorter rout by which the prisoners might have been returned to their own country, yet this did not satisfy these wanton tyrants—nothing would do but the prisoners must, in the dead of winter, march on foot up Detroit river; thence up the Thames, to Delaware town; thence across the country to Burlington Heights; and from this point to Fort Niagara—a distance perhaps of five hundred miles—when the whole could have been accomplished in about two days' march, by sending them back to the Rapids, where they would have fallen

in with their friends at once. But no,—nothing but the infliction of suffering would satisfy those cruel tyrants.

These things are but barely mentioned, that the attention of the young and rising generation may be led to reflect upon them. And that they may have some knowledge of what their fathers suffered in defence of the liberties they now so richly enjoy.

After the men were marched off every thing was quiet; now and then an Indian was seen straying about as though seeking plunder. They did not manifest hostility, and our fears began to subside, and we hoped to be conveyed to the army on the next morning.

Doctors Todd and Bowers were left to take care of the wounded. Major Reynolds and three interpreters composed the only guard to protect the wounded from the savages. We were hoping that General Harrison, then on his way from the Rapids, would just at that time arrive and give us relief by his reinforcement. Major Reynolds was evidently uneasy lest Harrison should arrive. Some of the Indians staid in town until late in the night. Major Reynolds and the interpreters left some time in the night; at least

they left our house, and we saw them no more.

As night came on, our fears began to increase. An Indian came into the house and told us that he thought there was danger to be feared from some Indians, which he thought were disposed to do mischief. He manifested some uneasiness himself; perhaps fearing that some Indian might shoot into the house. He appeared to be well acquainted with the affairs of the Indians, in general, and had some knowledge of the movements and designs of the British and American armies—which he was not at all backward in expressing. He spoke the English language fluently; and from his manners, I would infer that he had spent much of his life with the white population. His principal object seems to have been to gain all the information possible about General Harrison, and the strength of the Northwestern army. It is probable, however, that another object of his visit was to find out from us whether we thought it probable that General Harrison would advance immediately with the main body of his army to make an attack upon Malden. He gained but little information from us. There was but one man of our company thought-

less enough to give any *correct* information, whose name I shall not mention. He told us many things about Tecumseh and the Indians from the north that were coming to join them in the spring. He seemed to entertain no doubt but that they would, when all their forces were brought together, find it an easy matter to conquer all the armies the United States could send to the north. After remaining in our room about two hours, he very politely bid us good night, and left us.

After the departure of this Indian chief, (for I have but little doubt but what he was among the principal leaders of the Indian forces,) some conversation ensued among ourselves in reference to the designs of this crafty and intelligent chief.

There was, as well as I can recollect, but one opinion expressed on the subject; and I believe it was the opinion of all, that that would be the last night with most of us. We dreaded an attack during the night; for this Indian, just as he left, said "I am afraid some of the mischievous boys will do some mischief before morning." After remaining in this state of suspense for more than an hour, expecting every moment that the savages would come rushing upon us; but every

thing becoming quiet, we laid down upon our blankets to rest: but rested very little during this dismal night. Dreadful as was the night, the morning was more fearful. Just as the sun had risen upon us, and our hopes began to rise; and just as we were about to eat the morsel of bread left us by our friends who had been marched off the day before, that we might be ready at a moments warning to leave, should the British send sleighs for us, we heard a noise in the passage, and before we had time to think, the door of our room was forced open by an Indian, who entered with tomahawk in hand, ready to commence his bloody work. He was quickly followed by others. Their first object was plunder. They had no sooner entered the door of our room, than they began, in the most cruel manner, to strip the blankets and clothes off the wounded as they lay upon the floor. Fortunately for me, I was at the opposite side of the room from the door at which the Indians entered, near a door leading into the front room of the house; and finding there was no time to lose, I immediately passed out into the front room, where I met one of the most savage looking Indians I ever beheld. His very appearance was enough to

terrify the stoutest heart. His face painted as black as charcoal could make it, plainly indictive of his deadly design; a bunch of long feathers fastened on his head, almost as large as a half bushel; a large tomahawk, the instrument of death, in his right hand; a scalping knife fastened to his belt. He instantly seized me by the collar, and led me out at the front door. At first I manifested some unwillingness to go with him. He then spoke very earnestly in his own language, and at the same time pulled me along forcibly, as if to remove me from the scene of death within. He led me through the front gate, and down the river about one hundred yards to the other houses, in which were Captains *Hart*, *Hickman*, and others. After leading me through the front gate, he left me. Just at this time, Captain Hart came out of his room, barefooted, with nothing on but shirt and drawers. In this condition he stood in the snow for some length of time pleading for his life. I here met with the chief who had been in our room in the evening. Captain *Hart* understanding the designs of Proctor and Elliott, and knowing that the only possible chance for life, under the circumstances, was to make some arrangement with the Indians. For this purpose he sought an inter-

view with this one, as he seemed to be a leader, and very intelligent. They met in the front yard, near the gate, about the time I came in.

I stood by and heard the conversation. Captain Hart's first remark, if I mistake not, was, that he was an acquaintance of Colonel Elliott's, and that he (Elliott) had promised to send his own sleigh for him. The Indian replied, "Elliott has deceived you—he does not intend to fulfill his promise." Well, said Capt. Hart, "if you will agree to take me, I will give you a horse, or a hundred dollars. You shall have it on our arrival at Malden." The Indian said, "*I cannot take you.*" "Why?" asked Captain Hart. "You are too badly wounded," said the Indian. Captain Hart then asked the Indian, what they intended to do with them? "Boys," said the Indian, raising himself up into an attitude and air of consequence and insult, "*your are all to be killed.*" Though involved in the same calamity myself, I could but notice the calmness and composure with which the brave officer received the sentence of death. The only reply which I heard him make was in the language of prayer to Almighty God to sustain him in this hour of trial. Feeling

that the awful sentence included myself as well as all the rest, my heart seemed to sink within me, expecting every moment to receive the fatal blow. Just at this moment an Indian dragged Captain Hickman out of the house by one arm, and threw him down near where I stood, with his face on the snow. He was tomahawked, but not yet dead. He lay strangling in his blood. From this scene I turned away, and walking round the end of the house, towards the back yard, met an Indian at the corner of the house, who took hold of me and searched my pockets for money, but finding none, passed on. I then passed on round the house, leaving the main building on my right, and walking slowly that I might not appear to have any design, and that I might not attract the attention of the enemy. I thought, possibly, I might reach a small log building which I discovered not far from the house. As there was but one small entrance into it, and as it appeared dark within, it seemed to present the only possible refuge; and as there was no time to lose, and as life and death were depending, I determined to make the attempt to gain this place of retreat. But as I was within a few paces of my hiding place, an Indian

Coming from the opposite direction met me, and taking hold of me, asked me where I was wounded: I placed my hand upon my shoulder. He then felt of it, and finding that the wound was not bad, he took me back to the house where he had deposited his plunder; put a blanket around me, gave me a hat, then took me to the back door of the house in which the wounded lay, and gave me his gun and plunder in charge. In a moment every thing seemed to wear a different aspect. I now experienced one of those sudden transitions of mind impossible to be either conceived or expressed, except by those whose unhappy lot it has been, to be placed in like circumstances. Until now, despair had spread its gloomy mantle over me; but hope, that cheering companion, again visited my sinking heart, and I again saw a faint prospect that my life *might* be spared. Thus situated, I had time to see what was passing around me. I had command of the way leading to Malden; and I saw but one road. I remained in this position about two hours, during which time I saw several pass—I suppose all who were able. Here I saw a striking example of the estimate a man places on life. I saw some of our own company—old acquaintances who

were so badly wounded that they could scarcely be moved in their beds, understanding that those who could not travel on foot to Malden were all to be tomahawked, pass on their way to Malden, hobbling along on sticks. Poor fellows, they were soon overtaken by their merciless enemies and inhumanly butchered. A few moments after, being placed here by the Indian who claimed me, another Indian set fire to the house. The fire was built in the passage near the back door where I stood. After the fire had taken considerable hold of the house, an Indian came running down stairs with a keg of powder in his hand, with the head out. Just as he got to the foot of the stairs his foot slipped, and he came very near falling into the fire with the powder. Had the powder caught, both he and I would have perished.

The general opinion, I believe is, in reference to Captain Hart, that an Indian engaged to take him to Malden; and that another Indian, unwilling that he should go, shot him on the road. This may be true, but has always appeared to me improbable. From the position I occupied, having command of the way to Malden, I believe I saw all who passed in that direction, but saw nothing of Cap-

tain Hart. Upon the whole, I am induced to think that Captain Hart met his fate in the front yard where I left him.

I remained here until the roof of the house set on fire had fallen in. I heard no cry within, from which I inferred that the wounded were killed before the house was burnt.

My Indian finally returned, bringing with him one of the United States' pack horses: and placing his bundle of plunder on him, gave me the bridle, making signs to march on towards Malden. I soon found the bodies of those poor hapless boys who had made the attempt, but were too badly wounded to travel, massacred, scalped, and stripped. When we reached the woods, we halted a short time by the fire. We then went on to Stony creek, where the British had encamped the night before the battle. Their wounded were still there, waiting to be conveyed to Malden.

Here the Indians made a large fire of rails, and gave the prisoners some bread. Our number was eight or ten. As we were eating, one of the Indians deliberately walked up to his prisoner, a fine looking young man, a son of Dr. Blythe of Lexington, and struck the tomahawk into his head. I was looking

the young man in the face when he received the deadly blow; he closed his eyes, and sunk under the first stroke of the deadly weapon. After he had fallen, and received two or three strokes from the hand of the Indian, an old Frenchman took the weapon out of the hand of the savage and gave the dying man another stroke upon the head, which stilled him in death.* This greatly alarmed us. There

*Having marked the place where this old Frenchman lived, in order that I might the more readily find him, should I ever be permitted to visit the country again: and having taken particular notice of the house, I found no difficulty in ascertaining its location, and even the very habitation in which the old tory resided.

After the lapse of about eighteen months, from the time I was there a prisoner with the Indians, I was there again under *General McArthur*, who commanded a regiment of mounted volunteers—one battalion of which was from Kentucky, under the command of Major *Peter Dudley*.

Passing by this old man's house, in company with Benjamin Whitaker, our Lieutenant, we met this man in the street near his own house; I immediately recognized him as the individual who had so inhumanly assisted in the massacre of young Mr. Blythe, at Stony creek.

I mentioned the circumstance to Whitaker, and asked his advice in reference to the course best to be pursued; who instantly replied, "*let us take him.*" I was glad of the opportunity, and forthwith approached him, and the first salutation, as near as I can recollect, was, "*Well sir, do you know any thing of me?*" His reply was, "No sir, I know nothing

appeared to be nothing in his case, that we could see, that made it necessary for him to

about you." "Well sir," said I, "I know you very well." He seemed at first to be somewhat surprised at my confident address, and looking on me very earnestly seemed to express some doubts on the subject. I, however, soon removed the old man's doubts, by remarking to him, "You are the man who was guilty of the cruel and inhuman act of assisting the savages in killing one of the prisoners at Stony creek, taken at Raisin, January 23, 1813. You are the very man, sir, and I saw you do it." These words come upon him, no doubt, very unexpectedly; and being seconded by the voice of conscience within, made him tremble. He discovered evident marks of fear, his countenance grew pale in an instant; and finding that his very fear had betrayed him, he did not deny it; but offered as an excuse that the Indians required it of him, and that he was afraid to refuse. This excuse, however, did not satisfy us. We considered, that as a citizen of Detroit, he had no business with the British army in time of battle. We, therefore, took him, without any further ceremony about it, and delivered him over to the proper authorities. He was confined in jail for eight or ten days, and then brought out for trial. I, of course, was the only evidence that appeared against him. He plead the same excuse he did when we first arrested him.

After nearly a whole day's managing in the matter, between the lawyers and the jury, and after alarming the old fellow nearly to death, they acquitted him.

I soon found that this circumstance had enraged the French population against me—particularly the old Catholic French. I, therefore, found it necessary, when going alone up town, to take my gun with me well loaded: this I considered a sufficient protection against any attack from that quarter.

die and not the rest of us. We now expected every moment to share the same barbarity. One of our company, a young man by the name of Jones, was so terrified that he began to weep, and moved to the opposite side of the fire, thinking that those nearest the danger would be the first victims. We urged him to be still, and not to discover such marks of fear, or that he would certainly be killed. The Indian who had taken me, and claimed me as his, was at this time a few steps from us, adjusting his pack; I stepped up to him, and asked him if they were going to kill us all. He answered "*yes.*" I went back to the fire and tried to eat, as well as I could, without an appetite. It was now about two o'clock, P. M., and having eaten but little for three days past, and that day had taken nothing until we arrived at Stony creek; but this awful cold-blooded butchery took away all desire for food. I soon saw that he did not understand my question, and I was then somewhat relieved. It has been said, and perhaps with due regard to truth, that many of the Indians engaged in this dreadful havoc, were under the influence of rum. They were supplied with it by the British, and

when under its influence were more savage than savages.

We now took up our march towards Malden, leaving some of the Indians and their prisoners behind. Some of them I saw no more. They may have shared the same fate at the fire as the young man above. He was as able to travel as any of us, being only slightly wounded. He had no shoes—this may have been the reason why they did not take him on. We had gone but a short distance until we came to a number of Indians who were dancing the war dance around the fire. Here some of them had encamped on the night before the battle. As soon as we arrived, I saw that the Indians were drunk. Here my fears were again alarmed—being in the midst of a savage camp—dancing the war dance—the blood of scores fresh upon them—and under the influence of strong drink! Whilst my Indian kept sober I had some hopes of protection. It was not long however until I saw him go into the dance and begin to drink. Now I almost yielded myself up to despair. As I stood holding his horse with a sad countenance, he came to me and gave me a roasted potato. He also made some expression of friendship,

which once more tended to revive my drooping hopes.

The Indians having finished their dance, we proceeded towards Malden, and at night we encamped in the woods upon the snow. We took supper upon a piece cut from the side of a hog, boiled with the hair on, without bread and without salt. It rained during the night, and our situation was anything but agreeable; yet I felt thankful that it was no worse.

Many strange reflections rolled across my mind during the evening. The scenes of the day—such as I had never before witnessed—would occasionally force themselves upon my mind, the tendency of which was to spread a gloom upon every thing around me, and to heighten my fears. We were in a dense forest, removed from the sight of any habitation of man, the snow about eighteen inches deep, the rain making it still more insupportable.

I kept my eyes upon the Indians, particularly the one to whom I belonged, watching every motion, every step, and expression of his countenance. As the shades of night began to close upon our gloomy retreat, it seemed to shed a double horror upon the scene.

The sad and heart-chilling thought would, in spite of all the efforts I could make to frown it back, intrude itself upon me, that I had been saved from the massacre only to meet a more horrid fate—that the fire they had kindled was perhaps to serve the double purpose of cooking their supper and roasting me to death. Whenever any of the company would take his tomahawk in his hand, the thought would instantly spring up, now I am gone.

This, take it altogether, was among the most trying scenes through which I passed during my imprisonment; not that I was actually in more danger, but taking all the circumstances together—the place, the time, and being separated from my friends in suffering, and being thrown alone, and for the first time to be secluded from all but a few savages whose hands were yet stained with the blood of my countrymen, and not knowing the moment my own might be shed—produced emotions extremely distressing and trying.

After we had eaten, the Indians began to make preparations for lodging, by scraping away the snow and placing bark down upon which to spread their blankets; they suspended a blanket, by means of a few poles,

so as to keep the rain out of our faces. After engaging themselves in conversation for some time, which they seemed to enjoy exceedingly, and which was occasionally accompanied with loud exultations, the proposition was made to retire for the night. My feelings now became indescribable. Strange as it may appear, I was apprehensive that after I fell asleep they would take that opportunity to despatch me; a death of this kind appeared to me the most dreadful of all others. With these feelings, by their direction I lay down, and knowing that they were careful to save all articles of clothing, I tied up my head in my pocket handkerchief, hoping that this might be some protection, believing that they would not tomahawk me without removing it, which I supposed they could not do without awaking me. Thus I lay me down by the side, and under the same blanket, with the Indian who claimed me, with fearful apprehensions that I should never again see the light of the sun. But notwithstanding the cold, the snow and rain, and my perilous condition, such had been the excitement of the day that I was completely overcome, and very soon fell into a sound sleep, and slept sweetly until morning. The

light of the morning was hailed with expressions of gratitude to a kind and merciful Providence which had shielded me through such a night. With the return of the day I had a return of hope that I should yet be spared.

Early next morning we started on through the snow, mud and water. We had but little to eat, and no opportunity to warm; my clothing was scant, and not sufficient to protect me against the weather. We fell in with several small companies of Indians, some on foot and others on horseback, none offering any violence or showing any hostility, but all appearing anxious to look at me and make inquiries. Occasionally we heard a gun on the right or left; but when we got into the vicinity of Malden the firing was almost incessant—it seemed that the whole face of the country was covered with Indians, rejoicing over a vanquished enemy. I again began to feel that my condition was exceedingly perilous, and that I was only spared from the tomahawk at Raisin, to be led to the slaughter at Malden. Though I did not at this time fear so much from the Indian that claimed me as his, yet I had much to fear

from the enraged and drunken savages which were to be seen in every direction.

A short time before night, as we were passing an old house, a squaw came out crying, and commenced beating me with all her strength. She smote me on my wounded shoulder, and raised my temper. For a short time I cared but little whether I lived or died. I thought if this was to be my treatment whenever I met a squaw, that I might as well give up at once and die. This was, however, my first and last whipping from a female Indian. That night we lodged at the house of a Frenchman, whose family was very kind. We went forward again next morning, and that day we reached the home of this Indian.

But on our way, having to pass the vicinity of Detroit, the Indians called at the house of the old Frenchman who had stained his hands in the blood of young Mr. Blythe, at Stony creek—(I have since learned that this was the name of the young man.) They held a long conversation which I could not understand, because they conversed in Indian. The Frenchman seemed to enter heartily into the spirit of rejoicing. They smoked together, and passed other Indian

compliments, all of which I noticed particularly; and not only that, but marked the place, and promised myself that if opportunity should offer, to pay him for it.

From this point we left the main road, leaving Detroit to our right; we soon passed through a large Indian camp; just as we were entering, a company came in who had been at the battle at Raisin, bringing in their wounded in sleighs; the one which I saw appeared to be very badly wounded, and contrary to all Indian custom, or dignity of Indian character, was heard to groan. But notwithstanding his extreme pain, he cast a most savage look at me as the sleigh passed.

In passing this camp many Indians came to the door of their tents to look, particularly the young squaws. Under all the circumstances, passing through just as they were, returning from the bloody scene of Raisin, and also bringing in some badly, perhaps mortally, wounded, I had fearful apprehensions—I knew not what moment an enraged savage would take my life.

After leaving this camp—at which we made no stay—I felt greatly relieved, believing there was some hope that we might pass safely on to our place of destination. As well as

I recollect, we passed but very few Indians after this; but about sunset, when within a short distance of our Indian home, in passing over a pond on the ice, which at that time was covered with snow, the horse slipped and fell, but after some difficulty we succeeded in getting him on his feet again, and soon reached the vicinity of camp, which was announced to me by the Indian commencing the war-whoop at the top of his voice, which was responded to by a number of voices as loud and terrible as his own. All seemed to understand it—it was the sound of victory. As soon as we approached near enough to be recognized, every Indian, male and female, were out—all eyes directed towards us—and every man and boy shouted to the extent of their ability.

My feelings by this time—having recently witnessed so many scenes of blood, and having passed through so many hair-breadth escapes myself—had become almost deadened; but upon the approach of this camp, amid the shouts of savages, and not knowing for what purpose I should be brought there, unless to be a victim of sport for them, I *felt*, and this is all that I can say—for to express *what* I felt, I find to be impossible.

Here we found the home of his wife, and her father and mother, who all seemed glad to see us. The old squaw took me by the hand and led me into the hut, and gave me something to eat, which was in place. I now began to feel that I had friends in this family, and considered myself pretty safe. We spent about two weeks at this place, a few miles west of Detroit. A day or two before we left this encampment the Indians determined on having a spree. They went to Detroit and traded for a keg of rum. They had not been at home long until most of the men were drunk. I now again felt myself in danger, for one of them attempted to take my life; I escaped because he was drunk and could not get to me. That night the squaws hid me out in the woods behind a log in the snow. They made me a bed of hay, and covered me with their blankets. When I awaked in the morning the frolic was all over. The Indians were lying about round the fires like hounds after a hard chase; the whiskey was dying in them, and they were sleepy and sick. The Indians now made ready to go out to their hunting ground; and after a few days' preparation we started. As well as I am able to judge, we travelled a

west course. We were upon the road about two weeks; our sufferings were great from the intense cold, and from hunger; we had nothing to eat but what the hunters could kill by the way. I rendered what assistance I could in catching raccoons and porcupines, for these were our principal living whilst on the road. I suppose we travelled one hundred and fifty miles before we reached our destination. We now began to fare a little better, though we sometimes still suffered with hunger—it was either a *feast* or a *famine* with us. The Indians would eat up all the provisions with as much despatch as possible, and let every day provide for itself. Thus we spent our time for several weeks.

Here I will give an account of a very aged man who I saw on our way out to this place. There were many families on the way at the same time—not only their wives and children, but their young men. This caused me to think that they did not expect any more war during the winter season. It seemed that when their actual services were not necessary, they were then left to shift for themselves. This was in perfect character with all the doings of the British during this war. We had been travelling near a week, and our

hunters were so fortunate as now to kill a deer. We encamped at the foot of a hill, so as to be screened by it from the keen northern blasts, and have the benefit of the sun. During our stay at this camp, the old Chief killed another deer, which, with raccoons and porcupines, afforded us plenty of food. The Indians made an offering of the oil, and part of the flesh of the deer, to the *Great Spirit*, by burning it. This I took to be their thank offering for their success in finding a supply of provisions. Before they left the encampment they burned some tobacco; the design of this I did not so well understand. Soon after we began to march, I saw the marks of a cane in the snow, and as the Indians do not use them, I supposed we were overtaking some prisoners. The second day after I saw the cane tracks, we came up with a company of Indians, and here I saw the old Indian who had the cane. The moment I saw him my attention was arrested by his very grave and ancient appearance. His head was whitened over with, I have no doubt, the frosts of more than one hundred winters, and still he travelled, and kept pace with the horses and young men, from morning till evening. This was the most aged Indian which I saw

during my sojourn with them. Their old men are much more vigorous and free from infirmity than ours. They walk erect, and command great respect from all the younger—their counsel is heard with profound attention and respect.

During the month of March the Indians sent to their town for corn. We fared better now, but the corn did not last long; so we were soon thrown back upon what game we could kill in the forests.

From what I could learn, the Indians had adopted me into their family, in the room of a young man who had fallen in battle. Soon after we reached this, the place of our winter quarters, the father-in-law of my Indian dressed me up in Indian costume, made me a bow and arrows, and started me out with his boys to learn to shoot. I was then in the twenty first year of my age. This was our exercise during the cold weather, and afforded me much amusement, as I had none with whom I could converse. We had many a hunt through the woods with our bows and arrows, but I could not learn to use them to much purpose. Sometimes I was permitted to have a gun, and go on a hunting expedition, but was always unsuccessful—I could

kill no game. I once saw the Indians proceed to kill a bear which had holed himself up for the winter. The scratches upon the bark was the sign. They then surrounded the tree, and all being ready, they gave a loud yell; the bear appeared, we all fired instantly, and among hands the bear came tumbling down. Soon after this, our old Chief killed a very large bear—one of uncommon size even in that country, where they were large and plenty. He brought home a part of it, and on the next day sent out three of his sons, an old man who lived in the family, and myself, to bring in the remainder. The snow was deep, and we had to travel three or four miles to the place. We took our loads and started to camp. The old Indian mentioned above had on snow shoes in order to walk without sinking; the toe of one of his shoes caught in a small snag which threw him face foremost into the snow, and being heavily laden with bear meat, the strap to which it was suspended came over his arms, and made it very difficult for him to rise. Without thinking where I was, and the danger I was in, I laughed at the old man struggling under the heavy pressure of his bear meat. Fortunately he did

not perceive me; one of the young men shook his head at me, giving me to understand that I was risking my life. I discovered that he was also amused, but was afraid to manifest it. Our hut was now well supplied with meat, the finest that the country could furnish. I flattered myself that we should not want soon again; but to my utter astonishment, our old squaw, my Indian's mother-in-law, sat up the whole night and cooked every ounce of it! And worse yet—to my great discouragement, the neighbors were called in next morning, bringing wooden dishes along with them, and after many ceremonies, the whole was divided between the company, who eat what they could and packed off the balance.

There were times when we were very scarce of provisions. On one occasion, I remember, we had for dinner a small piece of bear meat, which, I suppose, had been sent in by some of the neighbors. Our old mother cooked and placed it in a wooden bowl, which was all the china we had. Our dog was looking on with interest, being nearly starved; and when the old lady turned her back, he sprang in upon the meat and started with it in his mouth. The old squaw, with

great presence of mind, seized him by the throat to prevent him from swallowing it. She succeeded, and replacing it in the bowl, we eat it, and were glad to get it. The Indian women are doomed to a hard life. They do the drudgery. In removing from one camp to another, they pack the goods and children—the men carrying only their guns. I have seen the women wade into the water to their waists in cold freezing weather.

Among the Indians, I saw several persons who had lost the tip of their nose. This was strange, especially among the females. But since, when I was in Detroit, I learned that this was a mode of punishing adultery and fornication among some tribes. I am unable to vouch for the correctness of this statement.

I will here give the reader the history of a corn dance which took place sometime this winter. Our squaws had brought in some corn from the towns. The neighbors were called together, neither to eat, nor drink, but to dance. Considerable preparations were made. Every thing was removed from near the large fire that was burning in the centre. The company consisted of grown persons only. One was chosen to make music, which he did by singing and rattling a gourd with

shot, or beans in it. They danced round the fire in single file, the men in front. The women, whilst dancing, keep their feet close together, and perform the exercise by jumping. The men sling their arms most violently and awkwardly, and stamp their feet so as to make the earth sound. They kept up this exercise until a late hour in the night. All seemed to partake of the joy, which they considered to be of a sacred character. It was a thanksgiving for a supply of corn, and the near approach of spring. This dance was finished by a young Indian, selected for the purpose, who performed the closing exercise with great animation. They now all quietly returned to their homes without taking any kind of refreshment.

I soon become satisfied that man in a state of nature labored under many and serious disadvantages, particularly in the art of preparing their food. Though modern refinement has no doubt carried this matter too far, we may with safety venture to say that man in an uncultivated state falls as far below what is fit and proper for human health and comfort as refinement has gone beyond.

The very best they can do is to make their corn into a kind of small homony, which they

do by the very hardest method, that of pounding it in a mortar—and this labor is performed by the women—after which it is boiled something like half an hour, when it is eaten without salt or any thing else with it. But frequently it is prepared without this process, by boiling the corn just as it comes from the ear until a little softened. They seem perfectly satisfied with this alone, once or twice a day without any thing else, for they scarcely ever eat meat and corn at the same time. But they eat most enormous quantities, without any apparent rule as to time or quantity. I have known them to eat several times heartily in the course of a few hours; and perhaps the next day hunt all day without eating any thing at all. I think it probable that it would hardly have taken all that we saw and experienced to have satisfied even Volney himself, that the civilized is greatly to be preferred to the savage life.

At this camp I also witnessed the mode of cleansing their bodies. They bent hickory poles in the form of wagon bows, and covered them over with blankets. They then took with them a bowl of water and a large hot stone. Two went in together; they poured the water upon the hot rock, and re-

maintained within fifteen or twenty minutes, sometimes singing and rattling the old shot gourd. They would then come forth covered with sweat, and sometimes plunge themselves instantly into the river which was at hand.

Perhaps it would be proper here to notice the mode of worship of the Indians. I speak only of the outer form: I know but little of the object of their worship as I did not understand their language. There appears to be some similarity between them and the Jews. Their sacrifices and fasts are frequent. Their fasts are promptly and faithfully attended to. Only one member, however, of the family fasts at a time, which he does for several days together, eating nothing until the afternoon. They treat their females at the birth of their children in a way to remind one of the Jewish custom. See Lev. 12 chap. At such times—let the season be as it may—the woman is compelled to camp out in the woods by herself, and there remain for a certain number of days. And when she is allowed to return to the camp of the family, she must cook in a separate vessel for so many days longer.

Our old man was very fervent in his devo-

tions, especially in his prayers. I never saw anything like idolatry among them.

They are particularly careful to entertain strangers. They are also very hospitable among themselves—they will divide the last morsel with each other. Indians travelling, find homes wherever they find wigwams. If there is only provision enough for one, the stranger gets it, and gets it freely. When any are fortunate in hunting, and it is known to them that others want provisions, they send them a part of theirs without waiting for them to send for it.

You have been presented with the manner in which we spent our time during the cold weather, until sugar-making came on; and now we found work enough. We removed to a beautiful grove of sugar trees, and near the centre of it we pitched our camp, which is the Indian mode. We soon made a quantity of sugar, and some of a fine quality. We used molasses and sugar with our venison and bear meat; and sometimes we made our meals upon sugar and bear's oil, which was better living than the reader might suppose without being acquainted with the dish.

The Indians are sometimes very filthy in their diet. They will kill a deer and take

out the entrails, rip them up, turn out the contents, shake them a few times in the snow, throw them for a few moments upon the fire, and devour them like hungry dogs. When they kill a deer with young, the young are considered as a choice dish. They roast them whole. They will eat every animal, and at every part of it, from the bear to the polecat.

Shortly after the breaking of the ice, the old father, one son, and myself, left camp for an otter hunt. We ascended the river, placing traps where we discovered that otters had passed up and down the banks. This we did during the first day, leaving them until our return. We encamped during the first night on the bank of the river. We had nothing to eat. We spent the whole of the second day in hunting, without any success; it was a cold rainy day, and we lay down the second night without a mouthful to eat. On the morning of the third day the old man left the camp very early, and about twelve o'clock returned, bringing with him two pheasants; they were put into the pot immediately. I feared my portion would be small, as the Indians, when hungry, eat most enormously; but another pheasant was heard

near the camp, which the Indian succeeded in killing. It was soon in the pot, and fearing lest the Indians should eat up theirs and then want mine, I did not wait until it was properly cooked before I went to work upon it. We soon devoured the three pheasants without either bread or salt. After this fine dinner we returned to camp again. We examined our traps but found no game.

The spring of the year now came—the ice and snow began fast to disappear—and I now began to think more of home than I had done during the cold season. When the sun began to shine warm, and the birds to sing around me, I would often retire from the camp where I could think of home, and weep, without being discovered. During the time spent in these lonely retreats, which I sought often for the purpose of reflection, *Shelbyville, Kentucky*, the place of my home, would rise up before my mind with all its inhabitants and endearments. I would think of friends and youthful associates—of the green over which I had played when a boy at school—and of the church to which I gave my hand as a seeker of religion a few months before I left; and of my aged parents, who I knew needed my assistance. These reflec-

tions crowding upon me at once, together with the difficulty and danger of making an escape, would at times almost overwhelm me with sorrow and despair. But the kindness and sympathy manifested toward me by the Indians, and particularly by the wife of the man who took me a prisoner, took off a part of the burthen. This poor heathen woman, who knew nothing of civilization, and the softening influences of the Gospel, nevertheless showed that the tenderness and affection which the Gospel requires were deeply imprinted upon her heart. I had another source of comfort: I found among the Indians a piece of a newspaper printed at *Lexington, Kentucky*, which I suppose had wrapped up the clothes of some of Captain Hart's men, and thus fell into the hands of the Indians at Raisin. This I read over and over, again and again. I would frequently try to learn the Indians the letters and their sounds; this to them was a very pleasing employment.

The Indians now began to prepare to return to Detroit. This was very encouraging to me, for I now began again to indulge a hope that one day I should yet be free, and reach my friends at home. All hands turned

out to making bark canoes. We made two for each large family. In these canoes we ascended the river upon which we had for some time been encamped, until we came to the very head spring—I had no means of ascertaining the name of this river—we then took up our canoes and carried them three or four miles, to the head waters of a river that empties into lake Erie between the rivers Raisin and Detroit. The ridge over which we carried our canoes divides the waters of lake Michigan and lake Erie. After entering this stream we advanced finely, finding fish in great abundance. I now began to feel quite cheerful, and things put on a different aspect. This was one of the most beautiful little rivers I ever beheld—I could see the fish at the bottom where the water was ten feet in depth—its beauty was much heightened by passing through several small lakes, the waters of which always enlarged—perhaps increased its waters one half. These lakes were bordered round by various kinds of shrubbery bending over the water. It was now, as near as I could guess, about the first of May, and the scenes were indeed beautiful to one who had been freezing and starving in a northern winter, almost naked

—and now turning, as he fondly hoped, his face homeward. I became more and more anxious to escape, as the prospect opened before me. I had several times formed in my mind plans by which I thought I might escape, but being young and unacquainted with the woods, and knowing that I must be a distance from any of our forts, I was afraid to attempt it; but now, as I believed I was not far from Fort Meigs, I determined to make the attempt. For this purpose I gathered up my bow and arrows, which had laid in the bottom of the canoe for some time, and which I did not intend to use any more, but I wanted them as an excuse to get out and take such a start, without being suspected, as would enable me to make good my escape. We encamped on this river several days; waiting, I suppose, for orders from the British. During this time I prepared myself for the escape, but unfortunately for my design, the camp was on the wrong side of the river, and I could not take a canoe without being discovered, the camp being immediately on the bank of the stream. In a few days we continued our journey. About this time I saw the first bread since I had been taken prisoner. Some of the Indians

had been to the settlement and obtained about half a gallon of flour; they prepared it in their homely way, but I thought it the best bread that I had ever tasted.

On our way down the river, as we came to the road leading from river Raisin to Detroit, we fell in with some Indians who had been at Dudley's defeat. There was a young man with them, a prisoner; the Indians told me by signs to talk with him. When I approached and spoke to him, he seemed astonished, for he had taken me for an Indian; but when he discovered my being an American he was greatly rejoiced. He asked many questions about the Indians, and if I thought that they would sell him. I told him I thought they would not, as I had been their prisoner since the battle at Raisin, and they had not offered to dispose of me. I farther told him I thought his hopes of getting away soon, if ever, gloomy. He gave me a most horrible account of the defeat of Colonel Dudley, and the slaughter and massacre of his men—and expressed fears that General Harrison would be taken. This was bitter news to me. While we were talking, the Indians stood around and seemed to catch at every word, and watch every expression of our faces—

showing the greatest anxiety to know what we said. They would laugh, and look at each other and speak a word or two. It seemed to afford them pleasure to hear us converse. But the time having arrived for us to proceed on our journey, we parted—his company was going by land, and ours by water, to Malden. If I heard the name of the young man I have forgotten it. He was genteel and intelligent. He informed me that he was a Surgeon. I never saw him again, and think it probable that he was killed by the Indians—I am inclined to this opinion because the Indians, we understood, brought in and offered for sale, that spring, all which they did not intend to kill. I think if he had been brought in I should have seen him. Some, it is highly probable, were put to death in the room of those of their friends who had fallen in battle.

We encamped at night, after we saw the young man named above, on an island not far from Malden. The next day we arrived, and the Indians took me down into the town, where I passed for an Indian. It was very unpleasant to me to hear such swearing and profanity—I soon left, and returned to the camp. In a few days we went up the river

to the neighborhood of Detroit, and pitched our tent near the spring wells on the bank of Detroit river. Soon after our arrival arrangements were made with the British Commissary to draw rations of bread, and sometimes fish. They had the number of the family put down in writing, which the Indians were to present before they could draw the supply. The old Indian, having by some means ascertained that I could write, fell upon a stratagem to increase the quantity of bread. He furnished me with a slip of paper, and proposed that we should alter the number of our family, and make it larger; I did so, and made it about double. I went up with the note myself the first time, to see how it would take. The Indians gave me a horse and bag, and sent a young man of another family with me as a guard, the distance being several miles. The young man obtained his bread sooner than I did, and left me alone. I, after so long a time, got my bread and started; as I passed through the streets of Detroit, a lady spoke to me from an upper window, and said: "Are you not a prisoner, sir?" "I am, madam." "Why do you not leave the horse in the street and go to the fort then?" I told her I was afraid; but did not

say I lacked confidence in the British. I feared they would not protect me, but deliver me up if the Indians should demand me.

I went on toward home, and when I got in sight I discovered that they had become uneasy, for the most of them were looking out towards Detroit. When they saw me they raised a great yell, and received me and my bag of bread with great joy.

Some time shortly after this the old man dressed himself up in the finest kind of Indian style, for he was a Chief. He greased his face, and then pounded and rubbed charcoal on it until he was as black as a negro. He then painted my face red, and we started together to town, he walking in front. As we passed along the streets the people were very free in making their remarks upon us. "There goes a mulato," said one, &c., &c. I seemed to pay but little attention to what was said, but followed my old Indian about from place to place.

In a few days they sent me over to *Sandwich*, to exchange skins for boiled cider. I succeeded; and they drank it hot, that it might produce the greater effect; their only design seeming to be to produce intoxication. They are liberal with every thing they pos-

sess but rum. I once saw an Indian give another a dram, and being afraid that he would take too much, he first measured it in his own mouth, and then put it into a tin cup for his friend to drink.

Whilst we were here I saw Indians take medicine. I did not ascertain what kind of medicine it was, only it was something which they gathered from the woods. They boiled it down until it became thick and black. They dug a hole in the ground—furnished themselves with a kettle of warm water and a piece of inner bark—after they took two or three portions of this stuff, they laid down flat upon the ground, with their mouths over this hole, and commenced vomiting. They would then drink large draughts of warm water, thrust the piece of bark down their throats and vomit again. This course they would sometimes pursue for hours together, until one would think that they were almost dead; but they would leave off this vomiting business and go about as though nothing had disturbed them. I heard nothing of any sickness before this medicinal course was commenced, from which I inferred that they took medicine in the spring season whether sick or well.

Not far from our encampment was the grave of an Indian who had been buried several weeks. An old squaw raised an alarm, saying that he had been heard to make a noise. The Indians ran with all haste to the grave—I went too to see what was to be done—but although they listened with their ears upon the ground, and then stamped with their feet, and scratched in the earth, the Indian lay still and dead in his grave.

I learned from the preparations in camp that the squaws were soon to go out to the Indian towns and raise corn, and that I was to go with them. I resolved that I would not go, if my escape should cost me my life. I began immediately to think and plan some method of escape; but every way appeared to be hedged up; there were Indian camps in every direction; there was some faint prospect of success down the river. I also thought of risking myself in the hands of the British, but, as I before said, I could not trust them; and it was well for me that I did not, as I afterwards, to my sore affliction, found them haughty and very inhuman to American prisoners. I wish this censure to rest only upon the British officers, as many of the

soldiers would have treated us kindly if it had been in their power.

Just at this crisis, however, an half Indian, who spoke English, came to our camp. I took this opportunity of communicating to the Indians my desire of being sold to the inhabitants of Detroit, who were purchasing prisoners from the Indians. Here I run a great risk—I knew not that they would not instantly kill me for making such a request. No sooner had the half Indian told my wishes, than every eye was fixed upon me; some seemed astonished, and others angry, because I would think of leaving after having been adopted into the family. They soon made signs that I might go, and the old man began to look out for a purchaser. Some of them treated me coolly from that time until I left. A Frenchman came to our camp, and offered a young horse for me—we went several miles down the river to see the horse—the Indian and Frenchman talked a long time—the Frenchman showed several other horses—the Indian did not fancy any of them, and there was no trade. I felt disappointed, being very anxious to be swapped off. On the next day another Frenchman came to camp riding a snug little pony, with

mane and tail roached and trimmed. This horse took the old man's eye, and they soon closed the bargain. The long desired hour had come at last. I felt that I was again free from the hand of the wild savage. I packed up the few tattered rags of clothing which were mine, and prepared to leave; but after all, savages as they were, I was sorry when I bid them a final farewell. The wife of the man who took me prisoner had always been kind—she aided greatly to lessen my sufferings—she had often fed me, and when under the rigors of a northern winter, in the wilderness, had thrown a blanket upon my shivering frame at night; she had restrained the young men from imposing upon me, as they would do by taking my food, and my place at the fire. After Mr. J. B. Cecott, the man who bought me, and I left the camp, the Indians stood and looked after us as long as they could see us. Mr. Cecott took me to his own house, gave me a suit of clothes, and introduced me to his family. Now I felt that home was much nearer, being again among a civilized people who could speak the English language.

And here let me pause a moment to remark—as I am about to leave the Indians,

never I hope to spend another winter with them under the same circumstances—that the few months of captivity with this people, were, taken altogether, the most cheerless and solitary of any part of my life of which I have any recollection. Though many years have rolled by since the events transpired, the impression they made upon my mind is almost as fresh as ever.

Several things contributed to render the scene more gloomy. I lost the day of the month, and also the day of the week; every day seemed alike. No person can have an idea, unless they are placed in the same predicament, how it changes the face of things to lose all those divisions of time that we have been accustomed to observe from our childhood. But this was not all; to render the hours more tedious and solitary, there was not one, of all the families that belonged to our company, that could either speak English, or understand one word of it. And thus, day after day, and week after week, passed over without uttering a solitary word, unless sometimes, when a little distance from camp, I would say a word or two just to hear the sound of my own voice; and it would seem so strange to me, that it would

almost startle me. And, in addition to all this, I was almost eaten up by vermin; sometimes almost starved; and shut out from all civilized society; almost literally buried in the snows of Michigan; and in order to prevent actual starvation, the Indians were compelled to remove from place to place, where it was supposed the hunting would be better. This subjected us to greater inconvenience, and often to great suffering from cold, having to clear away the snow, which was very deep.

But the uncertainty, and the improbability, of being released, being constantly upon me, and there appeared not the least gleam of hope until it was announced, by the preparations I saw making in the spring, to go to Detroit.

I have nothing to say against the Indian character—but many things in favor of it—but much against their manner of life. They are a brave, generous, hospitable, kind, and among themselves, an honest people; and when they intend to save the life of a prisoner they will do it, if it should be at the risk of their own. But after all this is said, no one can form any adequate idea of what a man *must* suffer, who spends a winter with them in the snows of Michigan.

But now, that I was released by the friendly hand of a stranger, Mr. Cecott, whom I shall recollect with feelings of gratitude so long as I can recollect anything—I felt more than I shall ever be able to express. Hope, which had almost perished, now began to revive, and the sight of home and friends once more began to be thought of as a matter not altogether impracticable—and that I should set my foot again upon the happy soil of Kentucky.

But disappointment was at the door. Mr. Cecott informed me in a few days that he would be compelled to give me up to the British as a prisoner of war. I gave him my note for the horse which he gave for me, which I paid him about eighteen months afterwards, when I went out to war again, under General McArthur. I think the horse was valued at thirty six dollars—you see what I was worth in money. A number of prisoners were sold at Detroit from time to time, and many of the citizens showed great liberality and humanity in purchasing them. It should be spoken and recorded to their praise, that some of the citizens spent nearly every thing which they possessed in buying prisoners who had fallen into savage hands,

and in furnishing them with clothing and provision.

When I was delivered to the British as a prisoner of war, I was placed in the guard-house, where we remained all summer. During our confinement we suffered from hunger, and what provisions we had were not good. We had the floor for a bed, and a log for our pillow, all the time. There were six or eight in the fort that had been purchased before I was—they had were taken prisoners at Dudley's defeat.

This was a long tedious summer to me, for we had no employment whatever, but were compelled to lay about the fort from the end of one month to another. A gentleman in Detroit proposed to the officer in command, to be surety for my appearance, if he would permit me to go into the town and work at my trade, but he refused to let me go upon any terms whatever.

At times, during the summer, the streets of Detroit were filled with Indians; and many of them came to see us. In the month of July, we saw them have a young woman prisoner, whom we supposed they had taken from the frontiers of Ohio. We could never learn what disposition they made of her. A

company of the Indians from the northwest encamped for several days near the walls of the fort, immediately previous to their going to war. This gave us an opportunity of ascertaining their mode of preparation for war. Among other things, they eat the flesh of dogs.

During our imprisonment here, we were brought to behold a very shocking sight. We saw, in the hands of the Indians, a number of scalps fastened in hoops made for the purpose and hung out before the fire to dry. They had been but recently taken off; and more horrible yet, the most of them were the scalps of females! We remained for sometime upon the fort battery observing their situation and employment before they saw us. When they beheld us, and knew that we were prisoners, they raised the war-whoop instantly in token of victory. They showed the tomahawk, and pointed to the scalps, to tell that they had murdered the persons with the tomahawk. They held up the scalp of a female and showed signs of savage cruelty and barbarity, which I had never seen exhibited before. These things were done in open day, in the presence of the British officers; and those refined gentlemen, who feel that they

occupy a place of elevation and superior rank in society, could look upon these shocking mockeries of humanity with the hard-heartedness of the savages themselves.

Many of the British soldiers were kind to us in our imprisonment; they would steal us out by night, when the officers were away carousing, that we might get some recreation and refreshment. The officers were haughty and overbearing, doing nothing for our comfort. The joy that I felt in being released from the Indians, soon died amid my rough fare in the British prison. During the summer we were almost entirely naked; and were only saved from becoming completely so by the generosity of Mr. Hunt of Detroit, who gave us each a suit of summer clothes; which was all the clothing that we got until after we arrived at Quebec, sometime in December. About the first of August, nearly all the soldiers and Indians disappeared from Detroit. We were at a loss to account for this, but supposed they had gone to make an attack upon some of the forts, or frontier parts of the Northwestern Army. It was not a great while until the secret was out. They came home cursing Major Croghan, (they had made an unsuccessfull attack upon

Lower Sandusky,) and saying that he loaded his guns with nails, slugs, and with any thing and every thing that came to hand. The faces of some of them were completely peppered with small shot. They lost a number of their best men in this battle. It is said that *Captain James Hunter*, sometimes known by the name of "old Sandusky"—whom Congress since presented with a sword as a token of national respect—suspecting that the British and Indians would undertake to storm the fort, right or wrong, swung up a long heavy log, which, in case of extreme emergency, he intended to use as a *dead-fall* by cutting loose the ropes which held it upon the walls of the fort. This Sandusky engagement appears to have been a hot business all around.

The well known battle upon the lake, in which Perry was successful, was fought during our confinement in this fort. We heard the report of the guns plainly, and it produced much excitement among all. Every eye was turned toward Malden, and we eagerly caught every word that came from that direction.

A few days afterward they told us that the British had taken Perry and all his fleet. The soldiers laughed at us, and told us that

the Yankees knew nothing about fighting on the water—that they could whip us two to one. We had to bear this as well as we could, until we saw great preparations making every where to remove the arms, ammunition, &c., which were sent up the river. We now suspected that they had misinformed us of the result of the battle. When we asked, they told us one thing and then another, until one of the soldiers privately told us the whole tale—that Perry had actually captured the British fleet—and that the Yankees were coming upon us in great numbers, and were just at hand. We now turned the tables upon them—it was our time to be merry.

Every day increased the hurry and confusion; boats and small vessels were ascending the river Detroit, bearing off arms, provisions, and every species of property, belonging to the British. It was a time of joy to the citizens of Detroit, generally, to see the Indians and British leaving so rapidly: and we were looking almost hourly to behold the Kentuckians appear in sight. We were, however, hurried up the river, as there was no opportunity to escape. The Indians were always kept in the rear during a retreat, and

stood between the British and danger. If I had kept the day of the month, I could tell where Harrison, Shelby, and Johnson, were at the time when we left Detroit. Not knowing the position of the American army, it was fruitless to hazard an effort to escape.

Our British masters crowded us into a vessel which was loaded with arms and ammunition, without provisions or any arrangements for our comfort on the way. As we ascended the lake, we ran aground near the mouth of the river Thames, and were detained two days; during which time we were compelled to unload and reload the vessel. All this time we had nothing to eat but what we could pick up, like dogs, from the offal of the ship. Here I was tempted, and worse yet, yielded to the temptation, to steal something to eat, and risk consequences. The British officer had some beef hung out on the stern of the vessel, I took some of it, and we eat it. The meat was tainted; yet it was sweet to us, not because it was stolen, but because we were starving.

After we had succeeded in getting the vessel over the sand-bar, the wind was unfavorable, and the British officer determined to abandon her, and (after getting her up near

Dalton's she was burned to prevent the Americans from making any spoils,) here we were put on shore, and walked, hungry and faint, fifteen miles to Dalton's, where we were guarded closely. This was only the beginning of hard times. We discovered the determination of the British to send us down through Canada, and consequently began to lose all hope of seeing the American army. A guard of British and Indians was prepared to take us on. A cart load of provision was started with us, but we never saw it after the morning on which we left Dalton's. Why this provision was started, and not suffered to proceed, we never could even guess. The officer was very rigorous, and would not suffer us to stop and procure any refreshment, but drove us onward like cattle going to market. The second night after we left *Dalton's*, we encamped in the woods. They now kept a close watch over us—and we were as eagerly looking for an opportunity to escape. Had we foreseen the sufferings that were ahead, we should, at least some us, have made the attempt to escape at every hazard. As stated above, our provisions were left behind, and we were under the dominion of an unfeeling wretch, who would but very seldom

even suffer us to go into a house to ask for a morsel of bread. He would march us hard all day, and at night put us into a barn or stable to sleep. We often travelled in the rain, and then laid down without fire in our wet clothes to try and rest. This journey of about five hundred miles by land, and four hundred by water, we travelled, in that cold and rainy country, with our thin gingham clothes, given to us by Mr. Hunt of Detroit: some of us were without shoes and coats; and we lived upon potatoes and turnips just as we could pick them up as we passed by farms.

This part of the journey, from Dalton's to Burlington Heights, was, perhaps, the most painful of any; not being permitted whilst at Detroit to take much exercise, and being forced on almost beyond our strength, rendered it painful beyond expression. And that was not all: the officer of the guard, being a churlish and tyrannical man by nature, failed not to make use of the little brief power committed to him for the occasion, to make our sufferings the more insupportable. It seemed to afford him a pleasure to "add affliction to our bonds." On some occasions, after travelling hard all day in the rain, and having no other lodging but a barn or stable, we had

some difficulty in getting fire enough, or getting admittance to it, sufficient to dry our clothes. On this part of the journey, in addition to suffering from the cold rains, and from being compelled to lie down in our wet clothes, we were almost literally starved. On leaving the vessel on the Thames, I found a canister which had been emptied of the shot; this I took with me, which served to cook our potatoes, turnips, and peas, when we could get them, and when our cruel commander would give us time for it; but to add still more to our inconvenience, one of the Indian guard, on returning from Burlington Heights, stole even that from me. This was done by stratagem, (and, by-the-by, the Indians are not slow at it.) As some of them had to return from that place, and were preparing for the journey, one of the party came to me and asked the loan of my cooking vessel. I very readily loaned it to him, not suspecting any design; but finding him rather tardy, I made application for it: he gave me to understand that he was not done with it; and being compelled to march immediately, I had to leave it behind. We sometimes had pickled pork, which I generally eat raw. The people in that country raised peas, which they mowed

and put away vines and all together for their cattle. We would, when lodging in barns and stables, make beds of these, and shell out and eat the peas, and also take some along with us to eat by the way.

I shall not attempt to notice all the particulars of this painful march, from the Thames to York, and from York to Kingston. It was almost an uninterrupted scene of suffering from the beginning to the end. The officer of the guard seemed unwilling to show any kindness himself, or that any one else should show us any. The remembrance of these things, though twenty six years have rolled between, produces a kind of horror in my soul even at this hour. Here is the way that a company of ragged, naked, and starved, Kentucky boys were driven through the country to be gazed upon and laughed at by the inhabitants of the villages and towns through which we passed.

When we reached York, we were closely confined in jail until another guard was appointed to take us on to Kingston. This was one of the most filthy prisons that I ever saw. Here they had a difficulty in obtaining a new guard: the one which brought us to this place from the river Thames consisted chief-

ly of Indians, and as they were not willing to proceed any farther, the officer had to look for some of the most vigilant soldiers to take their place. We found all along that they were not willing to risk us with a guard of British soldiers until we arrived at this point, when they supposed there would be less danger of an escape.

We tarried several days at York, and then took the road to Kingston; and the farther we went the worse the travelling became, the weather colder, and our clothing more ragged, &c.

I must not omit to mention a widow lady who resided between York and Kingston. She took all the prisoners into her house, treated them kindly, supplied all their wants, and in every respect showed a kind and feeling heart. If I ever knew her name, I have forgotten it: I should like to record it here.

When we came to Kingston we were again put in a filthy jail. It was now about the first of November, and we were allowed very little fire, and our clothing so thin, that we had to shiver it out the best way we could. Our spirits remained unsubdued, and we felt cordially to despise that tyranny which heaped suffering upon us. We rejoiced that it

was in defence of dear liberty that these afflictions had fallen upon us; and we hoped by some means soon to enjoy our liberty again.

The British troops at this place were in regular drilling. The infantry and artillery were daily employed in firing at targets. My attention was specially drawn to their manner of shooting at a target, made of an empty barrel placed out in the lake. This was done that they might, with the greater certainty, fire upon a vessel as it approached the town. We supposed that they were in expectation of an attack from the Yankee fleet upon lake Ontario. From Kingston we started to Montreal in open boats; if possible this was yet worse than travelling by land, for we could take no exercise to keep ourselves warm. The rains that fell upon us now, appeared as cold as during any part of winter in Kentucky, and we were still in our thin clothing. The boat was scarcely large enough to contain the seventeen prisoners, and the guard; and not high enough for us to stand up; so we had to sit down on the bottom of the boat, and endure the cold from morning until night. I think we slept but once in a house between Kingston and Mon-

treuil, and that was the upper room of an unfinished court house, where we had a small stove, and where we dried our few rags of clothing. At length we came in sight of Montreal; they landed us above the town that they might march us through the city, to be seen as a rare curiosity. Word had reached the town before us, that a number of Kentucky prisoners were to pass through that day; and it appeared that the whole city had collected into that street to see the great sight. The windows and doors were full of ladies, manifesting great eagerness to see Kentuckians. The reader may perhaps imagine my feelings at this time, for I shall not attempt to describe them.

We were now taken to jail as usual, where we were furnished with a good room, and for the first time since we left Detroit our situation was somewhat comfortable. I think we remained here near two weeks. Our old rags of clothes, which were given us by the British soldiers, proved rather an annoyance to us, as the jail was warm and the vermin began to multiply in great numbers. We had no change of raiment, consequently we had no washing done; thus we spent the time at Montreal.

As before remarked, the vermin became very annoying—and having no possible chance of avoiding them, I fell upon the plan of turning my clothes every morning, so as to keep them travelling.

In order to form an adequate idea of these tormenters of the human family, you must be shut up in a hot, filthy prison, with a number of prisoners clothed in filthy rags, and yourself as bad as any of them, with thousands and millions of these bosom friends crawling over you. If that would not make an impression, I dont know what would.

A right regular built Yankee, who had been but recently taken upon the lines not far from Montreal, was brought into the prison a few days previous to our leaving for Quebec. He was discovered, shortly after his arrival, to pick one of those troublers of our peace from his white shirt, and very deliberately lay him down on a bench, after which, taking a small chip between his finger and thumb, succeeded in dispatching him. This manouvre afforded some sport for some of us who had learned, by things we had suffered, not to take it quite so tedious. He was told that he would soon learn to kill them without a chip.

At this place we were told by the British that we were eating Yankee beef—that most of their supplies came from the States. As it is not my business, I will forbear censuring; and will content myself with barely stating facts. These things occur very frequently all along the line between Canada and the United States in time of war; and men who profess great patriotism are sometimes found to be engaged in it. Such patriotism as this would scarcely be found in Kentucky.

We left for Quebec in a steam boat, the first built on the St. Lawrence, and arrived there in about twenty four hours. The jail here was less comfortable than the one at Montreal. We were literally in rags, and remained so for many weeks; we had an agent whose duty it was to see that we were provided for, but if my memory serves me, he did not so much as visit the prison for nearly three weeks, and then we were treated by him like so many slaves.

After so long a time, Gardner, the agent, furnished each of us with a suit of coarse clothing. By this time the weather had become excessively cold, and we were removed to the barracks until a prison could be prepared for us upon Cape Diamond, where we

principally spent the time whilst we remained at Quebec.

After we removed to cape Diamond our number was greatly increased. Only seventeen Kentuckians came down together from Detroit; but there were many others taken at different times and places; some sailors, but mostly they were regular soldiers. These had been confined in other parts of the jail, and now, when collected together, we numbered say ninety, all put into one house together. Here we had a small yard where we could take some exercise; this was a great privilege to men who had been so long in close confinement. We were closely locked up at night, and generally under a strict guard. The windows were strongly grated, and we had only light from one side. Our provisions were scanty and bad; I suffered more from hunger in Quebec than during any time of my long imprisonment. It was not because they had no provisions, but because they chose to starve us. When we were in Montreal they tauntingly told us that we were eating Yankee beef—giving us to understand that they were furnished with provisions from the United States. This scantiness of supply continued through the winter,

and we were under the necessity of enduring our sufferings as we could. We were told that British prisoners in the United States fared worse than we did. Our wood was birch, and it served a double purpose; for we burned the wood, and made tea of the bark—this was all the tea or coffee which we drank in the city of Quebec.

The agent allowed us to draw each a few dollars in money; with this we bought articles from those who visited our prison. We were not very economical with our money; it lasted but a short time.

Some of the prisoners were always forming plans of escape, but could never mature them. At one time we were well nigh an elopement, but one proved a traitor, and informed the British officer of the design. The traitor had been in the regular service, and was taken a prisoner somewhere between Canada and the United States. Some offers were made to him, and he meanly enlisted as a British soldier, and divulged every thing which he supposed would make our condition more miserable. He told of the contemplated escape, and who were the most active as the leaders. On the next day the keeper of the prison came up, and upon examination find-

ing that the account was true, and ascertaining who had cut the holes, he sent the poor fellows to the dungeon, where they were doomed to remain for two weeks upon half rations. After this penance they were permitted to return to their former place. This broke up all designs of escape, as we were closely watched during the remainder of our stay.

After the fellow above named enlisted, strong efforts were made to induce others to follow his example. In order to this, they sent one of the officers who had command of the guard that brought us from York to Kingston, supposing that because we were acquainted with him, he would therefore have more influence with us. He was, however, the last man that should have been sent; we knew him to be sure, but we knew him to be a hard hearted tyrant, who had starved and drove us nearly to death. We were displeased at seeing him come into the prison, and no sooner had he made known his errand, than we gave him to understand flatly and plainly that deserters were not to be found among us. We expressed our detestation at the conduct of the one who had turned tory and traitor, and told him if there was no other

way of a release from prison, that we would greatly prefer to lie in the fort until we were starved and perished to death. We moreover gave him to understand that we would not be insulted in that manner, and that he would do well to leave the fort—and some of the boys went so far as to take their tin pans, and beating upon them with their spoons, actually drummed him out of the prison. By this experiment they were fully satisfied that it was a most fruitless business to try to induce us to leave our happy government and join theirs. It was often reported that we would be sent to Dartmoor prison, in England, and there kept as hostages, until the differences between the two governments should be adjusted. We sometimes thought perhaps it might be so, but we scarcely believed any thing which they told us; their object no doubt was to alarm, with the fear of crossing the Atlantic, that they might the more easily persuade us to desert. Although this thing bore a very gloomy aspect, and was often a subject of serious conversation among us, yet we were determined, and strengthened each other in the purpose, not to desert, but to endure the worst, and be true to our country.

About this time we learned that Tecumseh, the great Indian warrior, had fallen in the battle at Moravian town. His family was at this time in Quebec; they, in company with some other Indians, came to see us, and manifested great curiosity in taking a good look at Kentuckians—considered by some the rarest beings upon the earth.

Often numbers of people came to the prison to see us—one man, after looking at us for a length of time, manifested great disappointment, and said, “Why, they look just like other people.” It seemed from this that an idea prevailed that we were wild men, or an order of beings that scarcely belonged to this earth.

During the time that we remained here Colonel Lewis and Major Madison visited us. Of the latter, the Vice President of the United States lately said in the Senate, that he was a man “of rare patriotism—the most beloved of all the public men of his State—the best among the best—the bravest of the brave”—who died with never fading laurels upon his brow.” They were accompanied by one or two British officers. After they had duly examined into our situation, Colonel Lewis encouraged us to bear our priva-

tions and sufferings in the spirit of true soldiers—saying “that it belonged to the soil of Kentucky to be firm.” While this exhortation of the Colonel was received by us with great approbation, it evidently was received with indignation by the British officers. This made no manner of difference with Colonel Lewis, who proceeded to make such remarks, and gave us such advice, as he believed were for our comfort. I thought that the British were inclined to press their rigid military rules upon Kentuckians with more rigor than upon others. They rarely spoke to us, and when they did it was in a manner so haughty that we only felt the more indignant and hostile toward them. We would not conform to those terms of respect which they exacted from their own soldiers. Our feelings, and callings in life had been so very different from those of British soldiers, that we felt as if we lived in, and breathed, a different air.

Toward the latter part of the winter we were, after much entreaty from Lewis and Madison, permitted to write to our friends. Our letters were carefully read by the officers, and every word rigidly examined. I now wrote to my friends, and this was the first certain information that they received of

my having survived the battles and dangers which we had passed through, although I had now been away from home about eighteen months. Notices had been in the public prints, written by Hunt, of Detroit, that prisoners had been carried on towards Quebec—but he had no further knowledge of us, or what would be our fate.

Perhaps it was better that we were not permitted to give a history of our sufferings; it would only have more deeply afflicted our friends, and added nothing to our relief.

I wish here to record, that the news of our unsuccessful attempt to escape reached, by some means, the ears of Colonel Lewis and Major Madison, and they being desirous to obtain the particulars, requested that two of our number might be allowed to visit their quarters, which were not far off. Their request was granted, and William McMillan and myself were selected to visit them. We were conducted by a guard, and very closely watched and listened to. We told them of our attempt and defeat. They gave it as their opinion that we could not make a successful escape during the winter season, and that we ought not to attempt it. They told us of the great difficulty we would meet in

travelling through the snow in that country, also in crossing the river St. Lawrence, even if we could, undiscovered, pass the guards. However, in case we should make the attempt, they gave us some directions touching the route that we should take if we succeeded in clearing the sentinels and crossing the river.

While writing this, I am reminded of an attempt made by some prisoners to escape about the time that we came to Quebec. They cut the bars out of the prison windows of the second story of the house, and let themselves down by means of their blankets. They were successful in passing the sentinels, and crossing the river, and prospered all the way until they came near the American lines. Now, thinking that they were out of the reach of danger, they halted to take rest and refreshment, and feeling like birds let out of a cage, they felt that they might safely have a little spree; but just as they were in the midst of their frolic, the British pursuers came suddenly upon them, and took them all by surprise. They were not prepared to defend themselves, and had no opportunity to fly; therefore they had quietly to go back to Quebec, and to prison, where they suffered

the deep mortification of a failure, and the renewed weight of British oppression.

Some time before we heard the good news of a general exchange of prisoners, I had a violent attack of billious fever. I laid several days in the prison before I suffered the old turnkey to know my situation. When it was communicated to him, he sent an old man to bleed me and to give me some physic, which gave me no relief; I was therefore removed about a mile from town, to the hospital, where they bled and physiced me enough. I do not recollect how long I remained at the hospital, but I remember that I was there when it was announced that all prisoners were to be exchanged, and that all who were able to go were to be sent away immediately. This was better to me than all the medicine in Canada. The hope of seeing my country and my home, rushed in upon my mind with refreshing power. I told the Doctor that I could not stay any longer in the hospital—that I must start if I died on the way. At first he opposed my going; seeing my resolution, at length he consented. The idea of being kept behind was like death to me sure enough. For some days before this news reached us I had been slowly recovering, but

was yet barely able to walk when I left the hospital to return to the prison, where I found the boys making preparations to leave for the United States. We were to ascend the St. Lawrence in a vessel belonging to the British. It was in the month of May when we left this gloomy prison, where we had spent a miserable winter and spring. The recollection of these times are horrible to my mind until this hour. I am sorry that I ever fell into British hands. It appears that the British officers were perfectly destitute of human feelings, so far as we were concerned. I have no means of knowing generally their characters, and I surely have no wish to defame them generally; I speak only of those into whose hands I fell, and from whom I received such little kindness.

May had not brought warm weather in that country; heaps of drifted snow were to be seen in the mountains north of Quebec; and the north-western winds were keen and chilling, especially to me in my feeble state. After we boarded our little vessel, we remained several days, I know not what for, in an uncomfortable situation; with but little fire, and exposed to the incessantly blowing winds. This increased again the disease

under which I had been laboring, so that I now had chill and fever every day. I was barely able to walk, and more than one thousand miles from home, without money, clothes, or friends that were able to help; yet my spirit did not quail for a moment,—I hoped somehow to get through. At length we were put into another vessel, and set sail up the St. Lawrence. Thus we continued until we came to the mouth of the river Sorrell, which connects lake Champlain with the St. Lawrence. We ascended this river for a considerable distance in the same vessel, when we were placed in open boats and carried across the line. It was said, with what truth I pretend not to say, that some of the British soldiers who guarded us made a good use of this opportunity and deserted, and left a land of oppression for a land of liberty and plenty.

We were set on the shore fourteen miles below Plattsburg, and then left to take care of ourselves, having neither money nor food, and almost naked, and some of us sick. We however, used to trials, went forward to Plattsburg—which I reached with the utmost difficulty, shaking one part of the day, and burning with fever the other. We had

all been so long in confinement that we travelled slowly, and this enabled me to keep up until we arrived at a large encampment of the American army, a short distance above Plattsburg on the lake.

Our situation was communicated to the General, who promised to make provision for us, by giving us written passports, and authorizing us to draw rations on the road wherever we could find any belonging to the United States—which was all that we could expect, or all that we asked, as he had no authority to pay us money. We waited a day or two for the fulfilment of this promise, when we renewed our application, telling him our necessities, how long we had been from home, where we had been taken prisoners, our anxiety to pursue our journey—but all to no effect; we only obtained promises. Having renewed our petitions for a week, we began to despair of success, and thought of seeking help from some other quarter. We were now satisfied that it was the purpose of the commanding officer to detain us there, place difficulties in our way of going home, that thereby we might be induced to enlist; he supposed that we would not certainly undertake such a journey on foot, without money

or passports. This did alarm one or two of the company, who took the bounty and enlisted for five years. The rest of us now resolved to make a start towards old Kentucky; but before we left we made one more unsuccessful effort to obtain the necessary papers from the General. By this time a kind and noble hearted young Lieutenant, whose name was Frederick, became interested in our welfare, and wrote us a passport to draw upon any supplies belonging to the Government. This answered a good purpose where the keepers were young and ignorant, and did not understand their business; but our order was often protested.

Notwithstanding my fatigue and exposure to the night air, and a chill every day, my strength had much increased, yet I feared the fatigues of the long journey before us; but to my astonishment I had the last chill on the evening before we left the encampment—I never had another

On a beautiful morning, about the first of June, 1814, we left the American army near Plattsburg, turning our faces towards home with light hearts and little money. I had but twelve and a half cents, and I believe I was nearly as wealthy as any of the company.

And now I feel utterly at a loss to describe my feelings. Until now we did not feel entirely free; though in the American camp, we were under sentinels and military restraint. We had been for so long a time in prison, and suffering, that we seemed to have reached a new world almost. We little thought of the journey that was before us, but talked cheerfully of our situation, as we passed many beautiful farms in high promise, situated upon the sides of the lake. Above all, we felt hearts of sincere gratitude to a kind Providence, who had delivered us out of the hands of wild and ferocious savages, and hard hearted tyrants, and had again brought our feet to stand upon the soil of freedom.

We made our way up the lake on the right bank until we came to the ferry, which we found some difficulty in crossing, because we had no money to pay our passage. We told the keeper the true story of our errand—where we had been, and where we were going: after some hesitancy he took us all over without any pay. We then took the road leading to the head of lake Champlain; some of the people along this road were kind, but others looked upon us with suspicion. Our appearance was very shabby indeed—the

coarse clothes which we received in Quebec, the winter past, were all in rags and dirt, and having no possible opportunity of getting a new supply, we were compelled to appear before all in our way in this garb. Our rags may have been an advantage to us, as they attracted notice, and curiosity would induce many to ask us questions, and thus we would have an opportunity of telling our history, and so gain something to sustain us upon our journey. This afforded us a good opportunity of ascertaining the dispositions of men. Many were suitably affected with our situation, and offered relief; but other cold blooded animals had no compassion—they lived within and for themselves—and we found some so destitute of all sense of respect as even to insult us.

After travelling together a short distance, we began to find that it would be with difficulty that we could travel through that country without money. We consulted together what way would be the best for us to take, and concluded to separate, as beggars had better go in small companies. When we parted, it was with the understanding that we would try to meet again at Oleann Point, on the Alleghany river. Thus we bid

each other farewell, and broke off into companies of four. The company to which I belonged took the road leading from the head of the lake to Utica, in the State of New York. This road was mostly turnpiked, which made the travelling worse for us, as we were nearly barefooted, and our feet soon became sore, so that our stages were short. It would be impossible for me to relate the particulars of this journey through the State of New York; but one thing truth compels me to state, and that is, we suffered more from hunger while passing through this State than in all the rest of the way from Quebec to Kentucky. We found the people generally either too proud or too stingy to give us food, or to treat us like human beings. In passing through the little towns and villages our appearance would immediately attract attention, and in a few minutes the people would gather around us in great numbers; they would ask us a number of questions, which we would fully answer, though they often suspected us for being deserters. We occasionally found in these companies, persons who were touched by our appearance and story, so they would turn out and raise us a few shillings to help us on our journey.

The money thus raised we considered as common property, to be used for the benefit of all. We made it last as long as possible, by always purchasing the cheapest articles of food, and never spending any unnecessarily.

When we arrived at Utica we found a recruiting party there; and here I picked up a pair of old shoes which had been thrown away by the soldiers; these enabled me to travel on the turnpike with more ease and speed. We found but few who were willing either to feed or lodge us without pay, though we only asked to lie upon the floor. Some absolutely refused to give us any shelter at all. I will here relate a case, and if I knew the name of the individual I would record it as a warning to any one who might be tempted to treat any poor sufferer in like manner. After travelling hard all the day, we called at a house and asked the man the favor to stay and lie upon the floor until morning, at the same time informing him that we had been prisoners for some time, and that we were on our way to Kentucky, our native State, and that we would not ask him for any thing else. He told us pointedly that we could not sleep in his house. We then asked

to sleep in the shop, (he was a wagon maker;) this he also refused; we then told him that we were much fatigued, and would be glad to have permission to lie down in his barn. He then refused in the most positive manner, telling us that there was a tavern about a mile ahead, and as they had the profit of travellers, they should have the trouble also. We left him to his conscience, and walked on toward the tavern, feeling that we were strangers indeed in a strange land, driven from door to door, fatigued and hungry, without one cent in our pockets, knowing not where we should find shelter; and returning too from fighting the battles of the country we were now passing through so poorly requited. At length we came to the tavern, and by stating our misfortunes we succeeded in gaining permission to sleep on the floor. Soon after our arrival supper was announced, but nothing was said to us. We laid down on the floor of the bar room hungry, tired and sleepy. If we had received such treatment in an enemy's country, we would not have been surprised, but we had been out fighting for the liberties of this very people—this made our sufferings the more acute. We made an early start next

morning, supposing that the chance for breakfast would be as gloomy as that of the supper had been. We determined to go forward as far as possible, hoping soon to find another kind of people, who would help us.

When we applied in the evening for permission to lie in the barn, and were refused, there was a gentleman present who overtook us a day or two afterwards, and reminded us of the treatment, and that he was present; he gave each of us some money—he said that he had no money when he first saw us.

Not far from this hard place, we met a man of quite a different feeling. Near sunset we were passing his house, when he called to us and asked if we had any money; we told him we had none: "Well, you had better stop here with me and stay all night, for the man who keeps the next house is a tory, and will not permit you to stay without money." I need hardly say that we acceded to his proposition. We were treated with kindness and hospitality, and for once fared well. This was a set-off to some former cases.

After we had passed through the thickly settled parts of New York, we came to the Genessee country, which was at that time

but thinly inhabited. We were now told that we would find serious difficulties in passing on without money; on the day that we entered what was called the wilderness we were entirely destitute, and had very serious fears of suffering more than we had yet been called to endure; but as our fears were rising to the highest pitch, we unexpectedly met a young officer belonging to the United States service; he inquired into our history carefully, and becoming satisfied with the account which we gave him of our capture and sufferings, he kindly gave us one dollar a piece, which was sufficient, with rigid economy, to carry us through the most dreaded part of the wilderness.

It may appear to the reader that I have given a very cheerless and rigid account of the people along the road that we traveled through the State of New York; I am certain of the truth of the history, for a man starving knows when he receives any thing to eat, and also when he is refused. I am as certain of this part of the history, as that I was in the battle, and wounded at the river Raisin. Whether we fell upon the only niggardly people that lived in that part of the country, or whether the people were mostly

tories there, I have no means of determining. It may be asked why I record these things? It may seem harsh to speak of them; it was much harsher to feel them. If people will sin publicly, and drive starving begging soldiers from their doors with contempt, those soldiers, if they should live to reach home, and should write an account of their trip, will be very likely to refer to such treatment. If those folks are yet living, a sermon upon "be careful to entertain *strangers*," might not be entirely without its good effects upon them.

After passing through this wilderness, we began to draw near to Oleann Point, the place where we had agreed to meet again when we parted at the head of lake Champlain. One company overtook us on the same day that we arrived at Oleann. Here we had intended to take water, but we could hear of no craft going down the river. Our money was gone, and provisions were scarce and dear, so we could not stay long here. Necessity, the mother of invention, drove us to seek out some way of getting on. We numbered eight persons at this time; I remember the names of *Philip Burns, Patrick Ewing, Simon Kenton, Thomas Bronaugh,*

William McMillan and Thomas Whittington.

At length we concluded to build a raft of slabs that we found lodged against a bridge; so we all went to work; having walked so far, our wind was pretty good, and got our raft completed by sunset—on Sunday too. We then procured some bread, and set sail down the river a little before dark, not knowing what was before us, whether there were dangerous passes, or falls in the river—such was our destitute situation, that we were compelled to go on. Our provisions were nearly out, and Indians chiefly inhabited the country along the river down towards Pittsburg. During the night we had some difficulty in passing the drift at the short bends that are in the Alleghany, but went on tolerably well until next morning about breakfast time. I had laid myself down upon the dry part of the raft and fallen asleep, not having slept any during the night, as there was not room for more than two or three to lie down at once. We now came in contact with a driftwood, and the current was so strong that the raft was taken under almost instantly—we scrambled up on the drift, and after some difficulty got ashore. The raft came out below, and went on; and then we

were left on foot again, among the Indians called Corn Planters. Fortunately for us, we had taken a Yankee passenger aboard our raft, who had some money with him, with which we bought a canoe from an Indian in which we came down the river until we reached Pittsburg. Before we reached Pittsburg we met a recruiting party at the mouth of French creek; the officer was very kind—he furnished us with a room to sleep in—gave us flour and whiskey. His object was to enlist some of us; we did not tell him that we would not enlist; we sat up however and baked bread enough whilst the others were asleep to last us to Pittsburg; and before the officer was out of his bed in the morning, we were paddling on towards home.

When we arrived at Pittsburg, we sold the canoe for five dollars, and purchased bread, and almost immediately took passage on a salt boat bound for Kanawha. But whilst we were in Pittsburg we there saw the British soldiers that guarded us at Detroit prison—they had been taken at the battle of the Thames—they were at liberty to go to any part of the town, and to work for themselves. We took this opportunity to remind them of the difference between their treatment of us,

and our treatment toward them; they were compelled to acknowledge the truth, and praised our officers very highly.

We paid our passage upon the salt boat, by working at the oars, all except myself, who was the cook for the company. When we floated down as far as Kanawha we were there set upon the shore, and were once more compelled to look about for the means of continuing our journey. After we had been there a few hours we saw a raft of pine plank floating down the river; we hailed the owner, asked for a passage, and were taken aboard. On this raft I floated down to Maysville, where, thanks to a superintending Providence, I once again set my feet upon Kentucky soil, and breathed the air of my native State. Now I was almost naked; no person, as well as I can remember, had offered me a single article of clothing since I left Quebec. I had exchanged my pantaloons, given to me in prison, for an old pair which I found on the boat, thrown away as useless by some of the boatmen; my shirt had, by slow degrees, entirely disappeared; I had some where picked up an old coat that had been the property of some regular soldier—

these two articles constituted my wardrobe, entire—I was barefooted, but had an old hat.

My companions had all left me higher up the river, and gone across the country as a nearer way home. When I left the raft and went into the town my situation excited attention, and soon all my wants were supplied. Some gave the stuff, and a number of tailors joined, and in a few hours I was clothed, and furnished with money to bear my expenses home. I felt the difference here between warm and cold hearted people. My anxiety was great to pursue my journey, so I ascended the steep hill that hangs around Maysville, and made my way through Georgetown and Frankfort, to Shelbyville, at which place I arrived on the 20th day of June, A. D. 1814.

Here, at length, after an absence of nearly two years, during all of which time I had been exposed to sufferings, dangers and privations, not having slept upon a bed until my return to my native land, I found myself among the friends of my childhood and my own beloved kindred. I had left them, when a mere lad, as a volunteer soldier in the company commanded by Captain Simpson, and I came back to them a man in years, though

feeble in strength and frail in appearance. The meeting indeed was unexpected to them, and none can tell the fullness of joy that reigned in my own heart.

A kind and merciful Providence had preserved and sustained me through all the perils with which I was surrounded, and unto Him do I give the praise for my safety. Many years have passed since the occurrences detailed in this narrative took place. I may now almost be classed in the number of old men. My avocations have been those of peace. I have, for nearly twenty years, as an ordained Minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, endeavored to teach the mild doctrines of my blessed master. Yet it may not be without its use to my young countrymen to know what their fathers have suffered. I have told them a plain unvarnished tale, which while it may encourage them to be bold in their country's cause, may also, acquaint them with what they owe to the generation that has just preceded them.

W. ATHERTON.

NOTE.—On pages 29 and 30 of the foregoing narrative, mention is made of the reception, by the suffering volunteers, of a seasonable supply of clothes that had been made up and sent to the army by the patriotic ladies of Kentucky. I have, since the commencement of this publication, met with an article that appeared in the Frankfort Commonwealth (when that paper was under the editorial direction of ORLANDO BROWN, Esq.) entitled “Kentucky Mothers,” in which allusion is made to the same transaction. I have thought it not irrelevant to append it to this, as it shows, in a striking manner, the deep devotion to country felt by the ladies of Kentucky, and the extent of the sacrifices they were prepared to make. Although Mr. Brown did not give the name of this noble mother, I have his permission to state that the lady alluded to is the venerable MRS. ELIZABETH LOVE, who yet resides in Frankfort, beloved by all for her eminent worth, and characterized by high intellectual endowments associated with fervent piety, unaffected charity, and every trait that dignifies and adorns the female sex.

KENTUCKY MOTHERS.

“THE deep interest which passing events are giving to the history of the campaigns of the North-Western Army, naturally sets the memory to work in recalling the incidents that gave them their peculiar character. The achievements of the volunteers under the gallant Harrison, are written in the brightest pages of the records of their country, and must live so long as the human heart thrills at the contemplation of deeds of lofty heroism. But Kentucky does not point solely to her brave soldiers, and challenge admiration for them. Far, far from it; for to the noble mothers and daughters of our State belongs a chaplet of unfading laurels. *They* espoused the cause of their country with an ardour never surpassed in any land under the sun. Company after company, batallion after batallion, left the State for the scene of war, and although the bloodiest battles were fought, and men came home with thinned ranks and wearied frames, and the wail of the widow and the orphan was loud in the lament for the slain, the fire of patriotism burnt the brighter, and the women of Kentucky, never faltering, still urged on the men

to battle. Although we were at that time but a very small boy, well do we remember all that passed under our observation at that stirring period. We remember the letters that were received from the volunteers describing their sufferings from cold and hunger and nakedness, and we remember, too, how the ladies united together for the purpose of sending clothing to the suffering soldiery. They formed themselves into sewing societies, made hunting shirts, knit socks, purchased blankets and fitted up all kinds of garments that could add to the comfort of the troops. The ladies of the town of Frankfort, alone, sent two wagon loads of clothing to the frontier, which arrived most timely, and warmed alike the hearts and bodies of the volunteers, for they reminded them that such wives and mothers and sisters deserved to be defended at every possible hazard.

A Spartan mother is said, on presenting a shield to her son, to have told him "to return *with it, or upon it.*" It is recorded of another, that when her son complained of the shortness of his sword, she bade him "take one step nearer his enemy and he would find it long enough." And for such sayings as these, the Spartan women have ever since been renowned in history. We remember an incident that occurred in our own presence during the last war, that proves that a Kentucky mother was fully equal in courage

and love of country to any of those whose fame has survived for so many ages. We beg leave to relate it, and will do so in as few words as possible.

Soon after the battle of the river Raisin, where the Captain of the Frankfort company (Pascal Hickman,) had been barbarously massacred in the officers' house after the surrender, Lieutenant Peter Dudley returned to Frankfort for the purpose of raising another company. The preceding and recent events of the campaigns had demonstrated to all, that war was, in reality, a trade of blood, and the badges of mourning, worn by male and female, evidenced that *here* its most dire calamity had been felt. He who would *volunteer* now, knew that he embarked in a hazardous enterprise. On the occasion alluded to, there was a public gathering of the people. The young Lieutenant, with a drummer and fifer, commenced his march through the crowd, proclaiming his purpose of raising another company, and requesting all who were willing to go with him, to fall in the ranks. In a few moments he was at the head of a respectable number of young men; and, as he marched around, others were continually dropping in. There was, in the crowd of spectators, a lad of fifteen years of age; a pale stripling of a boy, the son of a widow, whose dwelling was hard-by the parade ground. He had looked on with a burning heart, and filled with the passion of patriot-

ism, until he could refrain no longer, and, as the volunteers passed again, he leaped into the ranks with the resolve to be a soldier. "You are a brave boy," exclaimed the Captain, "and I will take care of you;" and a feeling of admiration ran through the crowd.

In a little time, the news was borne to the widow, that her son was marching with the volunteers. It struck a chill into her heart, for he was her oldest son. In a few moments she came in breathless haste, and with streaming eyes, to the father of the editor of this paper, who was her nearest neighbor, and long tried friend. "Mr. Brown," said she, "JAMES has joined the volunteers! the foolish boy does not know what he is about. I want you to make haste and get him out of the ranks. He is too young—he is weak and sickly. Mr. Brown, he will die on the march. If he does not die on the march he will be killed by the enemy, for he is too small to take care of himself. If he escapes the enemy he will die of the fever. Oh, my friend, go and take him away." After a few moments, she commenced again—"I do not know what has got into the boy—I cannot conceive why he wants to go to the army—he could do nothing, he is able to do nothing." Again she paused; and at last rising from her seat, with her eyes flashing fire, she exclaimed—"BUT I WOULD DESPISE HIM, IF HE DID NOT WANT TO GO!" That noble thought changed the current of her reflections, and of her grief—

she went home, prepared with her own hands the plain uniform of that day for her son, and sent him forth with a mother's blessing. The lad went on with the troops, bore all the toils of the march, was in the battle at Fort Meigs, and fought as bravely and efficiently as the boldest man in the company. The widow's son again came home in safety. Her patriotism has not been unrewarded. On yesterday I saw that son bending over the sick bed of the aged mother. He is the only surviving child of a numerous family, and has been spared as the stay and prop of her declining years.

Is it any wonder that the Kentuckians are brave and chivalric? Were they otherwise, they would be recreant to the land of their birth, and a reproach to their mothers' milk."

Erratum.—For *Captain Watson*, read *Captain Matson*, wherever it occurs.

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361

